

THE
EDINBURGH SYREN;
OR,
MUSICAL BOUQUET;
BEING A
NEW SELECTION OF MODERN SONGS,
SUNG AT THE
VARIOUS PLACES OF AMUSEMENT
IN
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

EDINBURGH:
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TO THE PUBLIC.

THE first impression of this little volume having met with such a favourable reception, has induced the Publisher to issue another Edition, in which is inserted a number of new Songs not to be had in any other small Collection extant, and which, he hopes, will be found suited to every one's taste, if we except those that would in any degree tend to put the cheek of modesty to the blush: And the Publisher, conscious of at least endea-

vouring to “ *Cull the Choicest*,” now
sends it forth, with a view to promote
the harmony and happiness of those who
make Vocal Music a part of their Amuse-
ment.

THE

THE
S Y R E N:
OR,
MUSICAL BOUQUET.

Poor Jack.

GO patter to lubbers and swabs d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water boat, and good sea-room give me,
And t'ent to a little I'll strike:
Tho' the tempest top-gallant-masts smack smooth
should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse every
thing tight,
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud:
Avast, nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback,
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why I heard the good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
And, my timbers, what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why 'twas just all as one as high Dutch:

But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that comes down below,
 And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me
 That Providence takes us in tow ;
 For says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the top sails of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
 When last we weighed anchor for sea,
 What argues sniv'ling and piping your eye ?
 Why what a damn'd fool you must be :
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room
 for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ;
 And if to old Davy I should go friend Poll,
 Why you never will hear of me more :
 What then, all's a hazard, come don't be so soft,
 Perhaps I may laughing come back,
 For d'ye see there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
 All as one as a piece of a ship,
 And with her brave the world, without offering to
 flinch,
 From the moment the anchor's a trip :
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
 Noughts a trouble from duty that springs,
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhyme my friend's,
 And as for my life 'tis the king's :

Even when my time's come ne'er believe me so soft
As with grief to be taken aback,
That same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.

The Tear that bedews Sensibility's Shrine.

Tho' Bacchus may boast of his care killing bowl,
And folly in thought drowning revels delight;
Such worship alas! hath no charms for the soul,
When softer devotions the senses invite:
When softer devotions the senses invite.

To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,
His potions oblivious a balm may bestow,
But to fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of reflection's the birth of all woe.
The death, &c.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone,
For the tear that bedews sensibility's shrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.
Is a drop, &c.

The tender excess which enamours the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions deny'd,

'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jest at that for which sages have dy'd.
And fools, &c.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my
doom,
And well can I speak of its joy and its strife;
The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our
life.
But love's, &c.

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight,
The magic illusions that ravish the soul,
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.
And drop, &c.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er jolly god from the banquet remove,
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd
by love.
That's mellow'd, &c.

The Maid that tends the Goats.

Up amang yon clifffy rocks,
Sweetly rings the rising echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.

Hark, she sings, " young Sandy's kind,
" An' he's promis'd ay to lo'e me,
" Here's a brotch I ne'er shall tine,
" Till he's fairly marri'd to me ;
" Drive away, ye drone time,
" An' bring about our bridal day.

" Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
" Aften does he blaw the whistle,
" In a strain sae fastly sweet,
" Lam'mies list'ning dare nae bleat ;
" He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
" Hardy as the Highland heather,
" Wading thro' the winter snow,
" Keeping ay his flock together :
" But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
" He braves the bleakest norlin blast.

" Brawly he can dance and sing
" Canty glee, or Highland cronach ;
" Nane can ever match his fling
" At a reel, or round a ring ;
" Wightly can he wield a rung,
" In a brawl he's ay the bangster,
" A' his praise can ne'er be sung
" By the langest winded sangster
" Sangs that sing o' Sandy,
" Come short, tho' they were e'er fae lang.

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How Sweet the Love.

WHEN first I ken'd young Sandy's face,
He fung and look'd wi' sic a grace,

He fung and look'd wi' sic a grace,
He stole my heart but did na care,
The lad he loo'd a las more fair,
And oft I fung o'er brae and burn
How sweet the love that meets return.

He loo'd a las wi' fickle mind,
Was sometimes cauld and sometimes kind,
Which made the love sick laddie rue,
For she was cauld when he was true ;
He mourn'd and fung o'er brae and burn,
How sweet the love that meets return.

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
Where li'lacks with sweet cowslips join'd,
To make a garland for her hair,
But she refus'd a gift so fair.
This scorn, he cry'd, can ne'er be borne,
But sweet the love that meets return.

Just then he met my tell tale e'en,
And love so true is soonest seen.
Dear lads, said he, my heart is thine,
For thy lost wishes are like mine,
Now Jenny in her turn may mourn,
How sweet the love that meets return.

My answer was both frank and kind,
I loo'd the lad and tell'd my mind,
To kirk we went wi' hearty glee,
And wha sa blest as he and me;
Now blithe we sing o'er brae and burn,
How sweet the love that meets return.

When the Fancy-stirring Bowl.

WHEN the fancy-stirring bowl
Wakes its world of pleasure,
Glowing visions gild my soul,
And life's an endless treasure;
Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,
Fresh with gay desires,
Rays divine my senses dart,
And kindling hope inspires.
Then who'd be grave,
When wine can save
The heaviest soul from sinking;
And magic grapes,
Give angel shapes
To ev'ry girl we're drinking.

Here sweet benignity and love
Shed their influence round me,
Gather'd ills of life remove,
And leave me as they found me.
Tho' my head may swim, yet true
Still to nature's feeling;

Peace and beauty swim there too,
And rock me as I'm reeling.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youth's soft pillow tender truth
Her pensive lesson taught me,
Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,
And wisdom wak'd and caught me.
A bargain then with love I knock'd
To hold the pleasing gipsy,
Then wise to keep my bosom lock'd,
But turn the key when tipsy.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

When time assuag'd my heated heart,
The grey-beard blind and simple,
Forgot to cool one little part
Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple.
That part's enough of beauty's type
To warm an honest fellow;
And though it touch me not when ripe,
It melts still while I'm mellow.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

I'd rather be excus'd.

RETURNING from the fair one eve,
Across yon verdant plain,
Young Harry said he'd see me home;
A tight, a comely swain.

He begg'd I would a fairing take,
And would not be refus'd;
Then ask'd a kiss, I blush'd and cry'd,
I'd rather be excus'd.

You're coy, said he, my pretty maid,
I mean no harm I swear;
Long time I have in secret sigh'd
For you, my charming fair:
But if my tenderness offend,
And if my love's refus'd,
I'll leave you—what, alone? cry'd I,
I'd rather be excus'd.

He press'd my hand, and on we walk'd,
He warmly urg'd his suit;
But still to all he said I was
Most obstinately mute.
At length, got home, he angry cry'd,
My fondness is abus'd;
Then die a maid—indeed, said I,
I'd rather be excus'd.

The Jovial Tars.

COME, come, my jolly lads!
The wind's abaft;
Brisk gales our sails shall crowd.
Come bustle, bustle, boys,
Haul the boat;
The boatswain pipes aloud:

The ship's unmoor'd ;
 All hands on board ;
 The rising gale
 Fills every sail,
 The ship's well man'd and stor'd.
 Then sling the flowing bowl—
 Fond hopes arise—
 The girls we prize
 Shall bless each jovial soul :
 The can, boys bring—
 We'll drink and sing,
 While foaming billows roll.

Tho' to the Spanish coast
 We're bound to steer,
 We'll still our rights maintain ;
 Then bear a hand, be steady, boys,
 Soon we'll see
 Old England once again :
 From shore to shore
 While cannons roar,
 Our tars shall show
 The haughty foe,
 Britannia rules the main.
 Then sling the flowing bowl, &c.

Cobler of Castlebury.

'TWAS in a village near Castlebury,
 A cobbler and his wife did dwell,

And for a time no two so merry,
Their happiness no tongue can tell;
But to this couple, the neighbours tell us,
Something did happen that caus'd much strife,
For going to a neighb'ring alehouse,
The man got drunk and beat his wife.

But though he treated her so vilely,
What did this wife, good creature, do?
Kept snug, and found a method slyly,
To wring his heart quite through and through;
For Dick the tapster, and his master,
By the report that then was rife,
Were both in hopes by this disaster,
To gain the cobbler's pretty wife.

While things went on to rack and ruin,
And all their furniture was sold,
She seem'd t' approve what each was doing,
And got from each a purse of gold.
So when the cobbler's cares were over,
He swore to lead an alter'd life,
To mind his work, ne'er be a rover,
And love no other but his wife.

The Lass of Richmond Hill.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass,
More bright than May-day morn;
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good-will;
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton thro' the grove;
O whisper to my charming fair—
I die for her and love.
This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own;
O may the choice be fix'd on me—
Mine's fix'd on her alone.
This lass so neat, &c.

Paddy Bull's Expedition.

WHEN I took my departure from Dublin's sweet
town,
And for England's ownself thro' the seas I did
plow;
For four long days I was tofs'd up and down,
Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a
cow;
While afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip, Sir,
I clung like a cat a fast hold for to keep, Sir;
Round about the big post that grows out of the
ship, Sir,
O I never thought more to sing langolee.

Thus standing stock still, all the while I was moving,

Till Ireland's coast I saw clean out of sight;
Myself the next day a true Irishman proving,
When leaving the ship on the shore for to light;
As the board they put out was too narrow to
quarter,

The first step I took was in such a totter,
That I jump'd upon land, to my neck up in water;
O that was no time to sing langolee.

But as sharp cold and hunger I never yet knew
more,

And my stomach and bowels did grumble and
growl,
I thought the best way to get each in good humour,
Was to take out the wrinkles of both, by my
foul;

So I went to a house where roast meat they provide, Sir,

With a whirligig, which up the chimney I spy'd,
Sir,

And which grinds all their smoke into powder besides, Sir—

'Tis true as I am now singing langolee.

Then I went to the landlord of all the stage coaches,

That set sail for London each night of the week,
To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches,

As a birth aboard one I was come for to seek;
But as for the inside, I'd no cash in my casket,

Says I, with your leave, I make bold, Sir, to ask it,
When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes
the basket ?

For there I can ride and sing langolee.

When, making his mouth up—" the basket, says
he, Sir,

Goes after the coach a full hour or two ;"

Very well, Sir, says I, that's the thing then for
me, Sir,

But the Devil a word that he told me was true ;
For though one went before, and the other be-
hind, Sir,

They sat off cheek by jole at the very same
time, Sir,

So the same day, at night, I set out by moon-shine,
Sir,

All alone by myself singing langolee.

O long life to the moon, for a brave noble crea-
ture,

That serves us with lamp-light each night in
the dark !

While the sun only shines in the day, which, by
nature,

Wants no light at all—as you all may remark ;

But as for the moon, by my soul I'll be bound, Sir,

It would save the whole nation a great many
pounds, Sir,

To subscribe for to light him up all the year round,
Sir,

Or I'll never sing more about langolee:

Anacreon.

To Anacreon in heav'n, where he sat in full glee,
 A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
 That he their inspirer and patron would be ;
 When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old
 Grecian,

Voice, fiddle and flute,
 No longer be mute,

I'll lend you my name and inspire you to boot ;
 And besides, I'll instruct ye, like me, to en-
 twine,
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew,
 When old Thunder pretended to give himself
 airs,

If these mortals are suffer'd their schemes to pursue,
 The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.

Hark ! already they cry,
 In transports of joy,

Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly :
 And there with good fellows, we'll learn to en-
 twine

The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The yellow hair'd god, and his nine fusty maids,
 From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee ;
 Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
 And the beforked hill a mere desert will be :

My thunder, no fear on't,
Shall soon do it's errand,
And dam'me! I'll swinge the ringleaders, I
warrant,
I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to 'twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Apollo rose up, and said prithee ne'er quarrel,
Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below;
Your thunder is usefess, then showing his laurel,
Cry'd *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!
Then over each head
My laurels I'll spread,
So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall
dread,
While snug in their club-room, they jovially 'twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Next Momus rose up, with his risible phiz,
And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join:
The full tide of harmony still shall be his,
But the song and the catch, and the laugh shall
be mine;
Then, Jove, be not jealous
Of these honest fellows;
Cry'd Jove, we relent, since the truth you now
tell us,
And swear by old Styx, that they long shall entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand,
Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love,

'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd,
 You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove:
 While thus we agree,
 Our toast let it be,
 May our club flourish happy, united and free!
 And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine,
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Bonny Bet.

No more I'll court the town bred fair,
 Who shines in artificial beauty,
 For native charms, without compare,
 Claim all my love, respect, and duty.

CHORUS.

O my bonny, bonny Bet, sweet blossom,
 Was I a king so proud to wear thee,
 From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
 To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.
 Yet, ask me where those beauties lie,
 I cannot say in smile or dimple,
 In blooming cheeks or radiant eye,
 'Tis happy nature wild and simple.
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
 And sigh in numbers trite and common,

Ye gods one darling wish be mine,
 And all I ask is lovely woman.
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Come dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
 Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing,
 My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
 With rapture every sense entrancing.
 O my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Golden Days of Good Queen Bess.

To my muse give attention, and deem it not mystery,
 If we jumble together music, poetry, and history,
 The times to display in the reign of Queen Bess,
 Sir,
 Whose name and whose memory posterity may
 blefs, Sir.

CHORUS.

O the golden days of good Queen Bess.
 Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess.

Then we laugh at the bugbears of dons and armadas,
 With their gunpowder puffs, and their blustering
 bravadoes ;
 For he knew how to manage both the musket and
 the bow, Sir,
 And cou'd bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a
 crow, Sir,
 O the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses
were thatch'd, Sir,

Our windows were lattic'd, our doors only latch'd,
Sir,

Yet so few were the folks that would plunder and
rob, Sir,

That the hangman was starving for the want of a
job, Sir,

O the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies with large ruffs tied round about
the neck fast,

Would gobble up a pound of beef steakes for their
breakfast;

While a close quilted coif their noddles just did
fit, Sir,

And they truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the
spit, Sir,

O the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worsted
hose, Sir;

With a pair of huge whiskers, was the dress of our
beaus, Sir;

Strong beer they preferr'd to claret or to hock
Sir,

And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox,
Sir.

O the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood was then as plenty too as
beef, Sir,
And the poor from the rich ne'er wanted relief,
Sir ;
While merry went the mill-clack, the shuttle and
the plough, Sir,
And honest men could live by the sweet of their
brow, Sir,
O the golden days, &c.

Then the folks every Sunday went twice at least
to the church, Sir,
And never left the parson on the sermon in the
lurch, Sir ;
For they judg'd the Sabbath was for people to be
good in,
And they thought it Sabbath-breaking if they
din'd without pudding.
O the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men
were great, Sir,
And the props of the nation were the pillars of the
state, Sir ;
For the sov'reign and the subject one interest sup-
ported,
And our powerful alliance by all powers then was
courted.
O the golden days, &c.

Thus renown'd as they liv'd all the days of their
 lives, Sir,
 Bright examples of glory to those who survive, Sir;
 May we their descendants pursue the same ways,
 Sir,
 That King George, like Queen Bess, may have
 his golden days, Sir,

CHORUS.

And may a longer reign of glory and
 success,
 Make his name eclipse the fame of good
 Queen Bess.

The Moment Aurora.

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,
 I put on my clothes and I call'd to my groom;
 And, my head heavy still, from the fumes of last
 night,
 Took a bumper of brandy to set all things right;
 And now were well saddled Fleet, Dapple, and
 Grey,
 Who seem'd longing to hear the glad sound hark
 away.

Will Whistle by this had uncoupl'd his hounds,
 Whose ecstasy nothing could keep within bounds;
 First forward came Jowler, then Scentwell, then
 Snare,
 Three better staunch harriers ne'er started a hare,

Then Sweetlips, then Driver, then Staunch, and
then Tray,
All ready to open at hark, hark away.

'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,
And we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn;
Jack Gater, Bill Babler, and Dick at the gun,
And by this time the merry Tom Fairplay made
one,
Who, while we were jogging on blithesome and
gay,
Sung a song, and the chorus was—Hark, hark
away.

And now Jemmy Lurcher had every bush beat,
And no signs of madam, nor trace of her feet ;
Nay, we just had begun our sad fortunes to curse,
When all of a sudden out starts Mrs Pufs ;
Men, horses, and dogs, all the glad-call obey,
And who was heard to cry—hark, hark away.

The chace was a fine one, she took o'er the plain,
Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled
again ;
Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath,
Where I and Will Whistle were in at the death ;
Then in triumph for you I the hare did display,
And cry'd to the horns, my boys, hark, hark
away.

The Taxes.

HARD hard are the times, is the cry, 'tis no wonder ;

For with taxes we are so most devilish kept under ;
What with taxes on this thing, and taxes on
'tother,

It's strange how we live, and bring both ends together.

Derry down, down, down derry down.

From the crown of the head to the soles of the feet,

We are tax'd in all things so wonderful complete,
Bedaubed with stamps, as with biles was old Job,
We had need of his patience to bear with the load.

Derry down, &c.

The hat that defends me from cold and from rain,
And the gloves that I wear for a purpose the same,
E'en the shoes on my feet, which 'bove all I can't
want,

The leather they're made of must pay for the stamp.

Derry down, &c.

For the light from the heavens we're forced to pay,
Else from our apartments to shut out the day,
Then grovel in darkness like moles in the ground,
For unless we pay tax, there's no light to be
found.

Derry down, &c.

If we light up a candle, 'tis still all the same.
 For there Billy Pit he is with us again;
 There is no escaping his merciless paws,
 For he stops every gap by his new excise laws.
 Derry down, &c.

If our lives we would spend in a bachelor state,
 We're taxed because we're in want of a mate,
 If our minds they should alter, and we take a
 spouse,
 The king must be pay'd before we pay our vows.
 Derry down, &c.

When married, altho' perhaps little to spare,
 Yet one still wishes children that little to heir;
 Should heaven be pleas'd with our wish to com-
 ply,
 And spouse be laid up in bed for to cry,
 Derry down, &c.

Be't boy, or be't girl, to him 'tis the same,
 He must have his quota e're it get a name;
 Altho' ne'er a groat over to make our friends
 happy,
 'Tis all the same thing to this hard taxing chappie.
 Derry down, &c.

Next ministers stipend, their cefs, and impost,
 Enough a poor soul to cause flee from his post;

The pike, to catch the little fry,
Extends his greedy jaw,
For all the world, as you and I,
Have seen your man of law :
He who to laziness devotes
His time is sure a numb fish ;
And members who give silent votes
May fairly be called dumb fish,
False friends to eels we may compare,
The roach resembles true ones ;
Like gold-fish we find old ones rare,
Plenty as herrings new ones.
Then praise, &c.

Like fish then mortals are a trade,
And trap'd, and sold, and bought,
The old wife and the tender maid,
Are both with tickling caught ;
Indeed the fair are caught, 'tis said,
If you but throw the line in,
With maggots, flies, or something red,
Or any thing that's shining :
With small fish you must lie in wait
For those of high condition,
But 'tis alone a golden bait
Can catch a learn'd physician.
Then praise, &c.

'Twas in the good Ship Rover.

'Twas in the good ship rover
I sailed the world around,
And for three years and over,
I ne'er touch'd British ground;
At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations stranded,
And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore;
But, when we'd made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the shore:
She lay, so did it shock her,
A log upon the main;
Till, sav'd from Davy's locker,
We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
Upon a squally night,
Thunder and light'ning hailing
The horrors of the fight,
My precious limb was lopped off,
I when they'd eas'd my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popped off,
And went to sea again.

Yet still am I enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm quite disabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier;
The king, God blefs his royalty,
Who fav'd me from the main,
I'll praise with love and loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again.

High-mettled Racer.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports
are begun,
The confusion but hear!—I'll be at you fir—done,
done;
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and
near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies assail the tir'd ear:
While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting his
crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touch-
ing his breast,
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Now reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and
ditch rush
Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his
brush;

They run him at length, and they have him at
bay,
And by scent and by view, cheat a long tedious
way :
While, alike born for sports of the field or the
course,
Always sure to come through a staunch and fleet
horse ;
When fairly run down, the fox yields up his
breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, used up, and turn'd out of the
stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with
some blood ;
While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire gain'd
that race ;
And what matches he won to the ostlers count
o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-house
door,
While the harness fore galls, and the spurs his
sides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and
late,
Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate.

Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass
stands still :

And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
In the very same cart which he yesterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his sad relicks furrounds,
The high mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

In my pleasant Native Plains.

In my pleasant native plains,
Wing'd with bliss each moment flew,
Nature there inspir'd the strains,
Simple as the joys I knew ;
Jocund morn and ev'ning gay,
Claim'd the merry merry roundelay,
Claim'd the merry merry roundelay.

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
All that health and joy impart,
Call'd for artless music's pow'rs ;
Faithful echoes to the heart.
Happy hours, for ever gay,
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring,
Wak'd the warblers of the grove ;
Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
Would not join the song of love ?
Your sweet notes, and chantings gay,
Claim'd the merry roundelay.

How blest the Maid.

How blest the maid whose bosom
No headstrong passion knows,
Her days in joy she passes,
Her nights in calm repose;
Where e'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her,
But pleasure without measure,
From ev'ry object flows.

No pain, no fear, where e'er she goes,
How blest the maid whose bosom
No headstrong passion knows,
Her days in joys she passes,
Her nights in calm repose;
Where e'er her fancy leads,
No pains no fear invades,
No fear invades, no fear invades.

The Tobacco-Box.—A Duet.

Thomas.

Tho' the fate of battle on to-morrow wait,
Let's not lose our prattle now my charming Kate,
Till the hour of glory love should now take place,
Nor damp the joys before you with a future case.

Kate.

Oh my Thomas still be constant, still be true,
Be but to your Kate, as Kate is still to you ;
Glory will attend you still, will make us blest,
With my firmest love my dear you're still possess.

Thomas.

No new beauties tasted, I'm their arts above,
Three campaigns are wasted, but not so my love,
Anxious still about thee, thou art all I prize,
Never Kate, without thee, will I bung these eyes.

Kate.

Constant to my Thomas I will still remain,
Nor think I will leave thy side the whole campaign,
But I'll cherish thee and strive to make thee bold,
May'st thou share the vict'ry, may'st thou share the gold.

Thomas.

If by some bold action I the halbert bear,
Think what satisfaction when my rank you share,
Drest like any lady fair from top to toe,
Fine lac'd caps and ruffles then will be your due.

Kate.

If a serjeant's lady I should chance to prove,
Linen shall be ready always for my love ;
Never more will Kate the Captain's laundress be,
I'm too pretty, Thomas love, for all but thee.

Thomas.

Here, Kate, take my 'bacco box, a soldier's all,
If by Frenchmen's blows your Tom is doom'd to
fall,

When my life is ended, thou may'st boast and
prove,

Thoud'st my first, my last, my only pledge of love.

Kate.

Here take back thy 'bacco box, thou'rt all to me,
Nor think but I will be near thee love to see,
In the hour of danger let me always share,
I'll be kept no stranger to my soldier's fare.

Thomas.

Check that rising sigh, Kate, stop that falling tear,
Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear ;
But may heav'n befriend us ; hark ! the drums
command,

Now I will attend you. Love I kiss your hand.

Kate.

I can't stop these tears, though crying I disdain,
But must own 'tis trying hard the point to gain :
May good heav'ns defend thee, conquest on thee
wait ;

One kiss more, and then I give thee up to fate.

Both repeat the last verse, 'only Thomas says	}	Conquest on me wait, And yield myself to fate.
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Robin Adair.

You'RE welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair,
 You're welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair,
 How does Jonny Mackril do,
 Aye and Luke Gard'ner too,
 Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

Come and sit down by me, Robin Adair,
 Come and sit down by me, Robin Adair,
 And welcome you shall be,
 To every thing that you see,
 Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,
 I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,
 Rum punch, aye, or brandy too,
 By my soul I'll get drunk with you,
 Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

Then let us drink about, Robin Adair,
 Then let us drink about, Robin Adair,
 Till we've drank a hog'shead out,
 Then we'll be fow nae doubt,
 Why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

The Bonny Bold Soldier.

I've plenty of lovers that sue me in vain,
 My heart is with Willy far over the plain,

For handsome and witty, and brave is the swain,
 The bonny bold foldier young Willy's for me;
 For handsome and witty and brave is the swain,
 The bonny bold foldier young Willy's for me.
 In the trumpet's shrill sound my soldier delights,
 For honour, his king, and his country he fights,
 He figh-----ts figh-----ts,
 For honour, his king, and his country he fights,
 For honour, his king, and his conuntry he fights.

I share with his dress in the heart of a beau,
 The doctor my pulse feels and ne'er takes a fee,
 The one is pedantic, the other all show;
 The one is pedantic, &c.
 The bonny bold foldier young Willy's for me,
 The bonny bold foldier, &c.
 The trumpet's shrill sound, &c.

The lawyer so crafty I fly from in fear,
 The dangling poet I shun when I see,
 Once more, O ye powers, restore me my dear,
 Once more, O ye powers, &c.
 The bonny bold foldier young Willy's for me,
 The bonny bold foldier, &c.
 The trumpet's shrill sound, &c.

The Neglected Tar.

I SING the British seaman's praise,
 A theme renown'd in story,

It well deserves more polish'd lays ;
Oh ! 'tis your boast and glory.
When mad-brain'd war spreads death around,
By them you are protected ;
But when in peace the nation's found,
These bulwarks are neglected.
Then, O ! protect the hardy tar,
Be mindful of his merit ;
And when again your plung'd in war,
He'll shew his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all,
Far on the trackless ocean ;
When lightnings dart, when thunders roll,
And all is wild commotion :
When o'er the bark the white-topp'd waves,
With boist'rous sweep are rolling,
Yet coolly still, the whole he braves,
Untam'd amidst the howling.
Then, oh ! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in sulph'rous smoke,
He feels a glowing pleasure ;
He loads his gun, he cracks his joke,
Elated beyond measure.
Though fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck
Should lifeless trunks appear ;
Or should the vessel float a wreck,
The sailor knows no fear.
Then, oh ! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd, on southern brine,
Where scorching beams assail him ;
When all the canvass hangs supine,
And food and water fail him ;
Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
Where plenty still is reigning ;
They call the watch, his rapture's o'er,
He sighs, but scorns complaining.
Then, oh ! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
Where death so oft befriends him ;
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland frost,
True courage still attends him :
No clime can this eradicate,
He glories in annoyance ;
He fearless braves the storms of fate,
And bids grim death defiance.
Then, oh ! protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear,
In peace be then neglected ?
Behold him move along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected !
Behold him begging for employ !
Behold him disregarded !
Then, view the anguish in his eye,
And say, are tars rewarded ?
Then, oh ! protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe,
In peace then would you starve them ?

What say ye Britain's sons!—Oh! no,
Protect them, and preserve them.
Shield them from poverty, and pain,
'Tis policy to do it;
Or, when grim war shall come again,
Oh, Britons, ye may rue it!
Then, oh! protect, &c.

The Union of Bacchus and Venus.

I'M a vot'ry of Bacchus, his godship adore,
And love at his shrine gay libations to pour,
And Venus, blest Venus, my bosom inspires;
For she lights in our souls the most secret of fires:
Yet to neither, I swear sole allegiance to hold,
My bottle and lads, I by turns must enfold;
For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love:
For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

When fill'd to the fair, the brisk bumper I hold,
Can the miser survey with such pleasure his gold?
The ambrosia of gods no such relish can boast,
If good port, fill your glass, and fair Kitty's the
toast;
And the charms of your girl more angelic will be,
If her sofa's encircled with wreaths from his tree,
For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,
Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

All partial distinctions I hate from my soul,
 O give me my fair one, and give me my bowl;
 Bliss, reflected from either, will send to my heart
 Ten thousand sweet joys which they can't have
 apart;

Go try it, ye smiling and gay looking throng,
 And your heart shall in unison beat to my song,
 That the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove,
 Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

Favourite Indian Death Song.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
 But glory remains when their lights fade away;
 Begin ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
 For the son of ALKNOMOOK shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low:
 Why so slow? do you wait 'till I shrink from my
 pain?

No—the son of ALKNOMOOK shall never com-
 plain.

Remember the wood—where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation
 away:

Now the flame rises fast! you exult in my pain;
 But the son of ALKNOMOOK shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone ;
 His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son :
 Death comes like a friend,—he relieves me from
 pain ;
 And the son of ALKNOMOOR has scorn'd to com-
 plain.

Mary Scot.

HAPPY's the love that meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of heav'n relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate
 Did ye there see me mark'd to marrow,
 Mary Scot the flow'r of Yarrow ?

Ah, no ! her form's too heav'nly fair—
 Her love the gods above must share,
 While mortals with despair implore her,
 And at a distance due, adore her—
 O, lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile ;
 Alas ! if not, you soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears,—I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
 Then I'll go tell her all my anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish.

With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky;
When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise of Yarrow.

The Rose Tree.

Pat.

A ROSE-TREE full in bearing,
Had sweet flow'rs fair to see,
One rose, beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me.
Tho' eager once to win it,
Lovely, blooming, fresh, and gay,
I find a canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

Norah.

How fine this morning early,
The sun shining clear and bright;
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Tho' lost now each fond delight.
The clouds seem big with show'rs,
Sunny beams no more are seen,—
Farewell ye happy hours,
Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

Both repeat.

The clouds seem big, &c. to the end.

Dear is my native Vale.

DEAR is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and warbles there ;
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To ev'ry passing villager.
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
 That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
 I charm the fairy-footed hours,
 With my lov'd lute's romantic sound ;
 Or crowns of living laurel weave
 For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
 The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,
 The canzonet and roundelay,
 Sung in the silent greenwood shade.
 These simple joys, that never fail,
 Shall bind me to my native vale.

For tenderness fashion'd.

FOR tenderness fashion'd, in life's early day,
 A parent's soft sorrow to mine led the way ;
 The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
 And ere I knew language, I spoke with a sigh.

The nightingale plunder'd,—the mate-widow'd
dove,
The warbled complaint of the suffering grove ;
To youth as it ripen'd, gave sentiment new :
The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion yet rest in their glow ;
A warmth of more pain may this breast never
know !

Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
Let the spark drop from reason, that weakens the
flame.

Mary's Dream.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill
That rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree ;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea :
Then soft and low a voice was heard
Say—Mary weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With palid cheek and hollow eye.
O, Mary dear ! cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea ;

Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
So Mary weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We tofs'd upon the raging main,
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain :
Ev'n then when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee.
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So Mary weep no more for me.

O! maiden dear ! thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt or care,
And thou and I shall part no more.
Loud crow'd the cock ! the shadow fled !
No more of Sandy could she see ;
But soft the passing spirit said,
O! Mary ! weep no more for me.

SONG. *Poor Soldier.*

Norah.

THE meadows look charming, the birds sweetly
sing,
So gaily they carol the praises of spring ;
Tho' nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn,
Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah! hide your gay charms,
Nor lure my dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms;
Tho' sattins, and ribbons, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.

The Bud of the Rose.

Belville.

HER mouth, which a smile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the rose
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flow'r scented heath
At the dawning of the day,
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lilly's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

The Tartan Plaid.

By moonlight on the green,
Where lads and lasses stray,
How sweet the blossom'd bean,
How sweet the new-made hay ?

But not to me fae sweet
 The blossom of the thorn,
 As when my lad I meet
 More fresh than May-day morn.
 Give me the lad so blithe and gay,
 Give me the tartan plaiddie;
 For spite of all the world can say,
 I'll wed my Highland laddie.
 His skin is white as snow,
 His een are bonny blue;
 Like rose-bud sweet his mou
 When wet with morning dew.
 Young Will is rich and great,
 And fain wou'd ca' me his;
 But what is pride or state
 Without love's smiling blifs.
 Give me the lad, &c.
 When first he talk'd of love,
 He look'd so blithe and gay,
 His flame I did approve,
 And could nae fay him nay.
 Then to the kirk I'll haste,
 There prove my love auld truth;
 Reward a love so chaste,
 And wed the constant youth.
 Give me the lad, &c.

The wealthy Fool.

THE wealthy fool with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer;

Give me but these, I ask no more,
My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With these what mortal can be richer?
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.

From morning fun I'd never grieve
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I come home at eve
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
I know not what 'tis can bewitch her;
With all my heart can I be poor—
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

Let Care be a Stranger.

LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul
Who, Aristippus like, can his passions controul:
Of wisest philosophers wisest was he,
Who, attentive to ease, let his mind still be free:
The Prince, Peer, or Peasant to him were the same,
For pleas'd, he was pleasing to all where he came,
But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend,
And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end ;
He found fault with none if none found fault with
him,

If his friend had a humour, he humour'd his whim ;
If wine was the word, why he bumper'd his glass,
If love was the topic, he toasted his lass ;
But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

If councils disputed, if councils agreed,
He found fault with neither ; for this was his creed,
That let them be guided by folly or sense,
'Twould be *semper eadem* an hundred years hence.
He thought 'twas unsocial to be mal-content,
If the tide went with him, with the tide too he went ;
But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Was the nation at war, he wish'd well to the sword ;
If a peace was concluded, a peace was his word,
Disquiet to him, of body or mind,
Was the longitude only he never could find.
The philosopher's stone was but gravel and pain,
And all who had fought it, had fought it in vain ;
He still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Then let us all follow Aristippus's rules,
And deem his opponents both asses and mules ;
Let those not contented to lead or to drive,
By the bees of their sex be drove out of the hive ;

Expell'd from the mansions of quiet and ease,
May they never find out the blest art how to please;
While our friends and ourselves, not forgetting
our wives,
By those maxims may live all the days of our
our lives.

The gaily circling Glass.

By the gaily circling glass
We can see how minutes pass,—
By the hollow flask are told
How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sports away :
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care—'twas made for you.

Come then fill the cheerful glass,
Truth is only found in wine :
Tales of love are all a farce,
But true friendship is divine.

With a cheerful old Friend.

With a cheerful old friend, and a merry old song,
And a tankard of porter, I'd sit the night long,

And laugh at the follies of those that repine,—
Tho' I must drink porter while they can drink
wine.

I envy no mortal, be he ever so great,—
Nor scorn I the wretch for his lowly estate ;
But, what I abhor, and deem as a curse,
Is meanness of spirit,—not poorness of purse.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
And cheerfully spend live's remainder away ;
Upheld by a friend, our foes we'll despise,—
For, the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise!

Brown Ale.

WHEN the chill Sirocco blows,
And winter tells a heavy tale ;
When 'pyes and daws, and rooks and crows,
Do fit and curse the frost and snows.
Then give me ale !
Stout brown ale, nut-brown ale,—
O give me nut-brown ale.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
Such as will make Grimalkin prate,
Bids valour burgeon in tall men ;
Quickens the poet's wit and pen ;
Despises fate—
Old brown ale, nut-brown ale,
O give me stout brown ale.

Ale that the plowman's heart up keeps,
 And equals it to tyrants thrones,
 That wipes the eye which over weeps,
 And lulls in sweet and dainty sleeps
 The wearied bones.
 Old brown ale, nut-brown ale—
 O give me stout brown ale.

Wit, Women, and Wine.

WHEN Jove was resolv'd to create the round earth,
 He subpœned the virtues divine,—
 Young Bacchus he sat precedentum of mirth,
 And the toast was "wit, women, and wine."

The sentiment tickl'd the ear of each god,—
 Apollo he wink'd at the nine;
 And Venus gave Mars, too, a sly wanton nod,
 When she drank to wit, women, and wine.

Old Jove shook his sides, and the cup put around,
 While Juno, for once, look'd divine;
 These blessings, says he, shall on earth now abound,
 And the toast is wit, women, and wine.

These are joys, worthy gods, which to mortals
 are given,
 Says Momus, who will not repine?
 For what's worth our notice, pray tell me, in
 heav'n,
 If man have wit, women, and wine?

This joke you'll repent, I'll lay fifty to seven,
Such attraction no pow'r can decline ;
Old Jove, by yourself you will keep house in heav'n,
For we'll follow wit, women, and wine.

Thou'rt right, says old Jove, let us hence to the
earth,
Men and gods think variety fine ;
Who'd stay in the clouds, when good nature and
mirth
Are below with wit, women, and wine.

Rule Britannia.

WHEN Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, &c.
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain;

CHORUS.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Must, &c.
Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise—
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 More dreadful, &c.
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 All their, &c.
 Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,—
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 Thy cities, &c.
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore its circles thine.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,
 Shall to, &c.
 Bless'd isle! with beauty, with matchless beauty
 crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.

CHORUS.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
 For Britons never will be slaves.

Neptune.

HAD Neptune when first he took charge of the sea,
 Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
 He'd have thought better on't, and instead of the
 brine,
 Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous
 wine.

Whattrafficking then would have been on the main,
 For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain!
 No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking.—
 The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.

The hot thirsty sun would then drive with more
 haste,
 Secure in the evening of such a repast;
 And when he'd got tipsey, would have taken his
 nap
 With double pleasure on Thetis's lap.

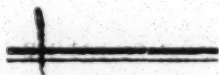
By the force of his rays, and thus heated with
 wine,
 Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine:
 What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high
 To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when blest with such rain,
 To fill all our vessels, and fill them again!
 Nay, even the beggar, that has ne'er a dish,
 Might jump in the river and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment in every one's brow—
 Hob, as great as a prince, dancing after his plow!
 The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
 Altho' they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, which, I think, don't to drinking in-
 cline,
 Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
 And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know,
 That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we then enjoy'd?
 Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd!
 A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
 To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.



The Tinker.

A TINKER I am, my name's Natty Sam,
 From morn to night I trudge it;
 So low is my fate, my pers'nal estate
 Lies all within my budget.

CHORUS.

Work for the tinker, ho! good wives,
 For they are lads of mettle;
 'Twere well if you could mend your lives
 As I can mend a kettle.

The man of war, the man of the bar,
Physicians, priests, free-thinkers,
That rove up and down great London town,
What are they all? but tinkers.
Work for the tinker, &c.

Those among the great, who tinker the state,
And badger the minority;
Pray what's the end of their work, my friend?
But to rivet a good majority.
Work for the tinker, &c.

This mends his name, that cobbles his fame,
that tinkers his reputation;
And thus, had I time, I could prove in my rhyme,
Jolly tinkers of all the nation.
Work for the tinker, &c.

A Soldier's Life.

THIS, this my lad's a soldier's life,
He marches to the sprightly fife,
And in each town to some new wife
Swears he'll be ever true.
He's here, he's there, where is he not?
Variety's his envy'd lot;
He eats, drinks, sleeps, and pays no shot,
And follows the loud tattoo.

Call'd out to face his country's foes,
The tears of fond, domestic woes,
He kisses off, and boldly goes
 To earn of fame his due.
Religion, liberty, and laws,
Both his are, and his country's cause,
For these thro' danger, without pause,
 He follows the loud tattoo.

And if at last in honour's wars,
He earns his share of danger's scars,—
Still he feels bold, and thanks his stars
 He's no worse fate to rue.
At Chelsea, free from toil and pain,
He wields his crutch, points out the slain,
And, in fond fancy, once again
 Follows the loud tattoo.

Nothing like Grog.

A PLAGUE of these musty old lubbers,
Who tell us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
 With nothing but water to drink.
A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,
 Would have set them for pleasure agog,
 And in spite of the rules,
 The rules of the schools,
The old fools would have all of them swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cry'd Jack, never be such a ninny
To drink ;—says I,—father, your health !
So I past round the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
And it set the old codger agog ;
And he swigg'd, and mother,
And sister, and brother,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

One day when the chaplain was preaching,
Behind him I curiously slunk,
And, while he our duty was teaching,
As how we should never get drunk,
I tipt him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
Which soon set his rev'rence agog ;
And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me, there's nothing as drinking
So pleasant on this side the grave,
It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
And makes 'em more valiant, more brave ;
For me from the moment I twigg'd it,
The good stuff has so set me agog,
Sick or well, late or early,
Wind foully or fairly,
I've constantly, constantly swigg'd it ;
And d—mne me, there's nothing like grog.

Jack Ratlin.

JACK RATLIN was the ablest seaman,
None like him could hand, reef, or steer ;
No dang'rous toil, but he'd encounter
With skill, and in contempt of fear.
In fight a lion,—the battle ended,
Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove ;
Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
Yet did he sigh,—and all for love.

The song the jest, the flowing liquor,
For none of these had Jack's regard ;
He, while his messmates were curousing,
High sitting on his pending yard,
Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
Swear never from such charms to rove ;
That truly he'd adore them living,
And, dying, sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land,
Amongst the rest brought Jack some tidings ;
Would it had been his love's fair hand !
Oh ! Fate ! her death defac'd the letter—
Instant his pulse forgot to move !
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a sigh !—and dy'd for love.

The Sailor's Song.

WHEN it is night, and the mid-watch is come,
 And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
 Then sailors think of their far distant home,
 And of those friends they ne'er may see again.
 But when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of them come o'er your mind,—
 Think, only, should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 The heart, to hear
 That their old companion—he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
 Have left on shore,—some pretty girl and true,
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
 And sigh to think how it may fare with you ;
 O ! when the fight's begun,
 And serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of her come o'er your mind—
 Think, only should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Her heart, to hear
 That her own true sailor—he was one.

Sweet Poll of Plymouth.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear,
 When forc'd from her to go ;—

Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear,
My heart was fraught with woe.—
Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood,
The land we left behind ;
Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plow'd the deep, and now between
Us lay the ocean wide ;
For five long years I had not seen
My sweet, my bonny bride.
That time I sail'd the world around,
All for my true love's sake ;
But press'd as we were homeward bound,
I thought my heart would break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain
To let me once on shore ;
I long'd to see my Poll again,
But saw my Poll no more.
And have they torn my love away !
And is he gone !—she cry'd ;
My Polly—sweetest flow'r of May,
She languish'd, droop'd, and dy'd.

Death or Liberty.

WHILST happy in my native land,
I boast my country's charter ;
I'll never basely lend my hand
Her liberties to barter.

The noble mind is not at all
By poverty degraded ;
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am persuaded,
Each freeborn Briton's song shall be,
Give me death or liberty.
Give me death, &c.

Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,
And few the gifts she sends us,
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom which defends us :
By law secur'd from lawless strife,
Our house is our castellum ;
Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre shall we sell 'em ?
No !—ev'ry Briton's song shall be,
Give me death or liberty.
Give me death, &c.

The Sailor's Farewell.

THE top-sail shivers in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea,
But yet, my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee ;
For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landsmen flatter when we're fail'd,
O doubt their artful tales ;
No gallant sailer ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales ;
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Syrens in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves ;
But such as grace the British fleet,
Are lovers, and not slaves ;
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares—but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The power of France and Spain :
Now England's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full—sweet girls adieu !

A little Love, but urg'd with Care.

SOMEHOW my spindle I mislaid,
And lost it underneath the grass ;
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
And said, what seek you pretty lass ?
A little love, but urg'd with care.
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak,
That I my splindle lost just now:
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from the tree he cut a bough.
A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld;
He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
For ah! my heart did fondly yield.
A little love, &c.

Ma chere Amie.

Ma chere amie, my charming fair,
Whose smiles can banish ev'ry care;
In kind compassion smile on me,
Whose only care is love of thee.
Ma chere amie, ma chere amie, ma chere amie,
ma chere amie.

Under sweet friendship's sacred name,
My bosom caught the tender flame;
May friendship in thy bosom be
Converted into love for me.
Ma chere amie, &c.

Together rear'd, together grown,
O let us now unite in one!

Let pity soften thy decree,
I droop, dear maid ! I die for thee.
Ma chere amie, &c.

The Rose.

No flower that blows is like this rose,
Or scatters such perfume ;
Upon my breast, ah ! gently rest,
And ever, ever bloom !

Dear pledge to prove a parent's love,
A pleasing gift thou art ;
Come, sweetest flower, and from this hour
Live henceforth in my heart !

Rosina.

Ere bright Rosina met my eyes,
How peaceful past the joyous day !
In rural sports I gain'd the prize,
Each virgin listen'd to my lay.

But now no more I touch the lyre,
No more the rustic sports can please ;
I live the slave of fond desire,
Lost to myself, to mirth, and ease.

The tree that, in a happier hour,
Its boughs extended o'er the plain,
When blasted by the lightning's pow'r,
Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain.

The honest Sailor.

THAT girl who fain wou'd chuse a mate,
Shou'd ne'er in fondness fail her ;
May thank her lucky stars, if Fate
Should splice her to a failor.

He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
The yellow boys to nail her ;
Diamonds, if diamonds she could eat,
Wou'd seek her honest failor.

If she be true, sure of his heart,
She never need bewail her ;
For tho' a thousand leagues apart,
Still constant is her failor.

Tho' she be false, still he is kind,
And comes with smiles to hail her ;
He trusting, as he trusts the wind,
Still faithless to her failor.

A butcher can procure her prog ;
three threads to drink, a taylor :

G

What's that to biscuit and to grog
Procur'd her by her sailer?

She who wou'd such a mate refuse,
The devil sure must ail her:
Search round, and if you're wise, you'll chuse
To wed an honest sailer.

Love in low Life.

YOUNG Jockey he courted sweet Moggy so fair,
The lass she was lovely, the swain debonair:
They hugg'd, and they cuddl'd, and talk'd with
their eyes,
And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise.

A fortnight was spent, ere dear Moggy came too;
(For maidens a decency keep when they woo);
At length she consented, and made him a vow:
And Jockey he gave for her jointure his cow.

They pannel'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair;
Still kissing and fondling until they came there,
They call'd on the parson, and by him were wed,
And Moggy she took her dear Jockey to bed.

They staid there a week, as the neighbours all say,
And none were so happy and gamesome as they;
Then home they return'd, but return'd most un-
kind,
For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.

Surpris'd at this treatment, she cry'd Gaffer Jock,
Pray what is the reason that Moggy you mock?
Quoth he, Goose, come on, why you're now my
bride;
And when volk are wed, they set fooling aside.

He took home his Moggy, good conduct to learn,
Who brush'd up the house while he thatch'd the
old barn;
They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
And now live as man and wife usually do,

On Friendship.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
This source of content is so rare to be found.

O friendship! thou balm and rich sweetner of life,
Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty delusion, the joys of an hour?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with safety depend;
Our joys when extended, will always increase,
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.

When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere ;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

Heigho! that I for Hunger should die !

A VOYAGE over seas had not enter'd my head,
 Had I known on which side to have butter'd my bread.

Heigho ! sure I—for hunger must die !
 I've fail'd like a booby ; come here in a squall,
 Where alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at all!
 Oho ! I'm a terrible booby !
 Oh, what a lost mutton am I !

In London, what gay chop-house signs in the street!
 But only the sign here is of nothing to eat.

Heigho ! that I for hunger shou'd die !
 My mutton's all lost, I'm a poor starving elf.
 And all for the world like a lost mutton myself.
 Oho ! I shall die a lost mutton !
 Oh, what a lost mutton am I !

For a neat slice of beef, I cou'd roar like a bull,
 And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite full.
 Heigho! that I—for hunger shou'd die !

But grave without meat, I must here meet my
grave,

For my bacon, I fancy, I never shall save.

Oho! I shall ne'er save my bacon!

I can't save my bacon, not I!

Duet. *Inkle and Yarico.*

Inkle.

O SAY, simple maid, have you form'd any notion
Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?

When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they re-
mind you

To sigh with regret for the grot left behind you?

Yarico.

Ah! no, I could follow, and sail the world over,
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover!

The winds which blow round us, your arms for
my pillow,

Will lull us to sleep, whilst we're rock'd by each
billow.

Inkle.

"Then say, lovely lass, what if haply espying
A rich gallant vessel with gay colours flying?

Yarico.

I'll journey with thee, love, to where the land
narrows.
And fling all my cares at my back with my ar-
rows."

Both.

O say then, my true love, we never will sunder,
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big
thunder;
Whilst constant, we'll laugh at all changes of
weather,
And journey all over the world both together.

The general Toast.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Likewise to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,

Drink to the lass,

I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
And likewise to her that has none, Sir,
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to her that's but one, Sir.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry ;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that's merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient I care not a feather,
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

The Blush of Aurora.

THE blush of Aurora now tinges the morn,
And dew-drops bespangle the sweet-scented thorn ;
Then, found, brother sportsman, found, found the
gay horn,

Till Phœbus awakens the day,
And see, now he rises in splendor how bright !
IO Pæan for Phœbus, the god of delight ;
All glorious in beauty, now vanish the night,
Then mount, boys, to horse, and away.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chace ?
Health, bloom, and contentment appear in each
face,
And in our swift courfers what beauty and grace,
While we the fleet stag do pursue ?

At the deep and harmonious cry of the hounds,
Struck by terror, he bursts from the forest's wide
bounds,

And though like the lightning he darts o'er the
grounds,

Yet still boys, we have him in view.

When chac'd till quite spent, he his life does re-
sign,

Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's shrine,

And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,

That hunter so mighty of fame :

Our glasses then charge to our country and king ;

Love and beauty we'll charge to, and jovially
sing,

Wishing health and success till we make the house
ring,

To all sportsmen and sons of the game!

How imperfect is Expression.

How imperfect is expression,

Some emotions to impart ;

When we mean a soft confession,

And yet seek to hide the heart !

When our bosoms, all complying,

With delicious tumults swell,

And beat, what broken, fault'ring, dying,

Language would, but cannot tell !

Deep confusion's rosy terror,
Quite expressive, paints my cheek ;
Ask no more—behold your error—
Blushes eloquently speak.

What, tho' silent is my anguish,
Or breath'd only to the air,
Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
Read what your's have written there.

O that you could once conceive me !
Once my soul's strong feeling view !
Love has nought more fond, believe me ;
Friendship nothing half so true.

From you I am wild, despairing ;
With you, speechless as I touch ;
This is all that bears declaring,
And, perhaps, declares too much.

As sure as a Gun.

ALL you who wou'd wish to succeed with a lass,
Learn how the affair's to be done :
For, if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,
You'll lose her, as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all that,
As far as you please you may run ;

She'll hear you, and jeer you; and give you a pat;
But jilt you as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine,
But, mark you the consequence—mum;
The baggage will think herself really divine;
And scorn you as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and stout,
And no opportunity shun;
She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry
out,
But mum—she's as sure as a gun,

The wand'ring Sailor.

THE wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
A competence in life to gain,
Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
To find, at least, content and ease;
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunders shake from pole to pole;
Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

From north to south, from east to west,
Our enemies he'll quell-o;
Of all our admirals he's the best,
O! what a charming fellow.

Come, tofs the bumper now around,
Let fame her trumpet swell-o;
Wherever Rodney's name is found,
They'll call him charming fellow.

British Tar.

Thus, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd;
See Briton's glorious flag display'd!
Unfurl the swelling sail!
Sound, sound your shells, ye Tritons found!
Let ever heart with joy rebound!
We scud before the gale,

See Neptune quits his wat'ry car,
Depos'd by Jove's decree,
Who hails a free-born British tar,
The sov'reign of the sea.

Now, now we leave the land behind,
Our loving wives, and sweethearts kind,
Perhaps to meet no more!

Great George commands ; it must be so ;
And glory calls ; then let us go !
Nor sigh a wish for shore.
For Neptune, &c.

A sail a-head, our decks we clear ;
Our canvas crowd ; the chace we're near ;
In vain the Frenchman flies.
A broadside pour'd through clouds of smoke,
Our captain roars—My hearts of oak,
Now draw and board your prize !
For Neptune, &c.

The scuppers run with Gallic gore ;
The white flag struck ; monsieur no more
Disputes the British sway.
A prize ! we tow her into port,
And hark ! salutes from ev'ry fort !
Huzza ! my souls, huzza !
For Neptune, &c.

The Twins of Latona.

THE twins of Latona so kind to my boon,
Arise to partake of the chace ;
And Sol lend a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,
And a smile to the smiles of her face.

For the sport I delight in, the bright Queen of
love

With myrtles my brow shall adorn,
While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in the
grove,
Excell'd by the sound of the horn.

The dogs are uncoupl'd, and sweet is their cry,
Yet sweeter the notes of sweet echo's reply;
Hark forward, hark forward, the game is in view,
But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps out,
His sentence he hears in the gale;
Yet flies, till entangl'd in fear and in doubt,
His courage and constancy fail.

Surrounded by foes, he prepares for the fray,
Despair taking place of his fear!
With antlers erected a while stands at bay,
Then surrenders his life with a tear.
The dogs are, &c.

Tally Ho.

Ye sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,
Who delight in the joys of the field,
Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the contest will yield;

His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,
 A hunting continually go,
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With hark forward, huzza ! tally ho.

The lawyer will rise with the first in the morn,
 To hunt for a mortgage or deed,
 The husband gets up at the sound of the horn,
 And rides to the common full speed ;
 The patriot is thrown in pursuit of the game,
 The poet too often lies low,
 Who, mounted on Pegasus flies after Fame,
 With hark forward, huzza ! tally ho.

While fearless o'er hills, and o'er woodlands we
 sweep,
 Tho' prudes on our pastimes may frown,
 How oft do they decency's bounds o'erleap,
 And the fences of virtue break down ?
 Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,
 For amusement, for passion, for show,
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With hark forward, huzza ! tally ho.

The Sailor's Advice.

As you mean to set sail for the land of delight,
 And in wedlock's soft hammocks to swing ev'ry
 night,

If you hope that your voyage successful should
prove,
Fill your sails with affection, your cabbins with
love.

Fill your sails, &c.

Let your hearts, like your main-mast, be ever up-
right,
And the union you boast, like your tackle be tight,
Of the shoals of indiff'rence be sure you keep clear,
And the quicksands of jealousy never come near.
And the quicksands, &c.

If vapours and whims, like sea-sickness prevail,
You must spread all your canvas, and catch the
fresh gale ;
But if brisk blows the wind, and there comes a
rough sea,
Then lower your top-sails, and scud under lee.
Then lower, &c.

If husbands, you hope to live peaceable lives,
Keep the reck'ning yourselves, give the helm to
your wives,
For the evener we go, boys, the better we sail,
And on shipboard the head is still rul'd by the tail.
And on shipboard, &c.

Then listen to your pilot, my boys, and be wise,
If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise,

A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.
And a hundred, &c.

The happy Soldier.

How happy's the foldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day;
Yet fears neither justice, warrants, nor bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
His king finds him quarters, and money, and
clothes;
He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of the drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy, and delight,
It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight;
No girl when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
But packs up her tatters and follows the drum.
With a row-de-dow, &c.

Balynamono. Ora.

You know I'm your priest and your conscience is mine,

But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign,
So leave off your racking and marry a wife,
And then, my dear Darby, you're settl'd for life.

Sing Balynamono Oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

The bans being publish'd, to chapel we go,
The bride and bridegroom in coats white as snow,
So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book,
Sing Balynamono, &c.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
He blushes at love, and she whispers obey,
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
Sing Balynamono, &c.
That snug little guinea for me.

The neighbours with joy to the bridegroom and
bride,
The pipers before us march side by side ;
A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face ;
The piper plays up, myself I say the grace.
Sing Balynamono, &c.
A good wedding dinner for me,

The joke now goes round, and the stocking is
thrown;

The curtains are drawn, and you're both left a-
alone;

'Tis then my good boy, I believe you at home,
And hy for a christ'ning at nine months to come,
Sing Ballynamono, &c.

A good merry christ'ning for me.

Patty Clover.

WHEN little on the village green
We play'd, I learn'd to love her;
She seem'd to me some fairy queen,
So light tripp'd Patty Clover.

With ev'ry simple childish art
I try'd each day to move her;
The cherry pluck'd the bleeding heart,
To give to Patty Clover.

The fairest flow'rs to deck her breast,
I chose—an infant lover;
I stole the goldfinch from its nest,
To give to Patty Clover.

Song.

I SAIL'D in the good ship Kitty,
 With a stiff blowing gale and rough sea,
 Left Polly the lads call so pretty,
 Safe here at anchor, yo yea, yo yea, yo yea,
 yo yea, yo yea.
 She blubber'd salt tears when we parted,
 And cry'd, now be constant to me ;
 I told her not to be down-hearted,
 So up with the anchor, yo yea.
 When the wind whistl'd larboard and starboard,
 And the storm came on weather and lee,
 The hope I with her should be harbour'd,
 Was my cable and anchor, yo yea.
 And yet, my boys, would you believe me,
 I return'd with no rhino from sea ;
 My Polly wou'd never receive me,
 So again I heav'd anchor, yo yea.

The Bowmen of the Border.

WHERE Tweed and Teviot streams unite,
 And flow in social order ;
 I sing with no unmeaning flight,
 The bowmen of the border.
 In Kelfo form'd on social plan,
 The band that rivets man to man.
 Each gallant bowman's enter'd,
 Where humour, wit, and sense combine,

To lend their aid, with gen'rous wine,
In these true joys are center'd.

Long, long renown'd, for fame and skill,

By Time that old recorder ;

Where Scotia's sons, the foe to kill,

By bowmen of the border.

Of high renown, in days of yore,

A noble Bowman stood, Sir ;

Ulysses, fam'd in classic lore,

Whose bow no man withstood, Sir :

Fam'd Robin Hood, and little John,

And many a brave and gallant son,

Who drew the twanging yew, Sir ;

But Robin Hood, nor little John,

Nor any who the target won,

Were archers e'er more true, Sir.

Long, long renown'd, &c.

Nor less to fight their country's cause,

The band of bowmen came, Sir ;

Protectors of its valu'd laws,

As well as kill the game, Sir,

Oh, let me for a moment dwell,

On that bold archer William Tell*,

Who gave his country freedom,

And be this theme, our constant toast,

May we an equal virtue boast,

To use ours when we need 'em.

Long, long renown'd, for fame and skill,

The first in martial order,

Be Scotia's sons, their foe to kill,

By bowmen of the border.

* The Switser.

The Plough Boy.

A FLAXEN-headed cow boy,
As simple as may be,
And next a merry plough boy,
I whistled o'er the lea :
But now a faucy footman,
I strut in worsted lace,
And soon I'll be a butler,
And wag my jolly face.

When steward I'm promoted,
I'll snip a tradesman's bill,
My master's coffers empty,
My pockets for to fill :
When lolling in my chariot,
So great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough-boy,
That whistled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections,
But when I've made the pelf,
I'll stand poll for parliament,
And then vote in myself :
Whatever's good for me, Sir,
I never will oppose ;
When all my ayes are sold off,
Why, then I'll sell my noes.

I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph,
With speeches charm the ear,

And when I'm tir'd on my legs,
Then I'll sit down a peer.
In court or city honour,
So great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little plough boy
That whistl'd o'er the lea,

The Miller.

MERRY may the maid be
That marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day
He's ay bringing till her;
Has ay a penny in his purse
For dinner and for supper:
And gin ye please, a good fat cheest,
And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
I spier'd what was his calling;
Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
Ye're welcome to my dwelling:
Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy,
The truth of what he told me,
And that his house was warm and couth,
And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal.
And in the kist was plenty;

Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na scanty ;
 A good fat fow, and sleeky cow
 Was standing in the byre ;
 Whilst lazy puss with meally mouse,
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tak the miller ;
 For foul day and fair day,
 He's ay bringing till her ;
 For meal and ma't she does na want,
 Nor ony thing that's dainty :
 And now and then a keckling hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain
 Blaws o'er the house and byre,
 He sits beside a clean hearth stane,
 Before a rousing fire :
 With nut-brown ale, he tells his tale,
 Which rows him o'er fou nappy ;
 Who'd be a king ?—a petty thing,
 When a miller lives so happy.

Totterdown-hill.

AT Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old pair,
 And it may be they dwell there still,
 Much riches indeed did not fall to their share,
 They kept a small farm and a mill.

But fully content with what they did get,
They knew not of guile nor of arts ;
One daughter they had, her name it was Bet,
And she was the pride of their hearts.

Nut-brown were her locks, her shape it was straight,
Her eyes were as black a floe :
Her teeth were milk-white, full smart was her
gait,
And sleek was her skin as a doe :
All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
No bit of blue sky could be spy'd,
A child, wet and cold, came and knock'd at the
door,
Its mam it had lost, and it cry'd.

Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,
The babe she hugg'd close to her breast ;
She chaf'd him all o'er, and smil'd as he lay,
She kiss'd him and hush'd him to rest ;
But who do you think she had got for her prize ?
Why Love, the sly master of arts !
No sooner he wak'd, but he dropp'd his disguise,
And shew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am Love ; but, oh, be not afraid,
Tho' all I may shake at my will ;
So good and kind have you been, my fair maid,
No harm shall you feel from my skill ;
My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,
A friend you shall find in me still ;

Take my quiver and shoot, be greater than she,
The Venus of Totterdown-hill.

Johnny and Mary.

Down the burn, and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.

Dear she loo'd the well known song,
While her Johnny, blithe and bonny,
Sung her praise the whole day long,
Down the burn, &c.

Costly claites she had but few,
Of rings and jewels nae great store,
Her face was fair, her love was true,
And Johnny wisely wish'd no more;
Love's the pearl, the shepherd's prize,
O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
Love delights the shepherd's eyes.
Down the burn, &c.

Gold and title gives not health,
And Johnny could nae these impart;
Youthful Mary's greatest wealth,
Was still her faithful Johnny's heart;
Sweet the joys the lovers find!

Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure
Where the heart is always kind.
Down the burn, &c.



Last Time I came o'er the Muir.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
I left my love behind me!
Ye pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastly and sporting;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n king's when she was nigh me,
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me:
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,

Shall make my care at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter ;
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland's ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang oe'r the muir,
She shall a lover find me ;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me :
Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom ;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

Tweed-side.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose ?
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed ?
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those ;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,

Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring ;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?
Does Mary not keep a few sheep ?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep !
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest ;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare ;
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where doth thy flock stray ?
Oh ! tell me at noon where they feed ;
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasant banks of the Tweed ?

Song. *Quaker.*

WHILE the lads in the village shall merrily ah,
Sound their tabors, I'll lead thee along,
And I will say unto thee, that merrily ah,
Thou and I will be the first in the throng.

Just then, when the youth who last year won the
dow'r,
And his mate shall the sports have begun,
When the gay voice of gladness resounds from
its bow'r
And thou long'st in thy heart to make one,
While the lads, &c.

Those joys that are harmless what mortal can blame?
'Tis my maxim that youth should be free;
And to prove that my words and my deed are the
same,
Believe thou shalt presently see,
While the lads, &c.

The Loves of John and Jean.

SING the loves of John and Jean,
Sing the loves of Jean and John;
John for her would leave a queen,
Jean, for him, the noblest don.
She's his queen,
He's her don;

John loves Jean,
And Jean loves John.

Whate'er rejoices happy Jean
Is sure to burst the sides of John,
Does she, for grief, look thin and lean,
He instantly is pale and wan ;
Thin and lean,
Pale and wan,
John loves Jean,
And Jean loves John.

'Twas the lilly hand of Jean
Fill'd the glass of happy John ;
And, heav'ns ! how joyful was she seen
When he was for a licence gone !
Joyful seen,
They'll dance anon,
For John weds Jean,
And Jean weds John.

John has ta'en to wife his Jean,
Jean's become the wife of John,
She no longer is his queen,
He no longer is her don.
No more queen,
No more don ;
John hates Jean,
And Jean hates John.

Whate'er it is that pleases Jean,
Is certain now to displease John ;

With scolding they're grown thin and lean,
With spleen and spite they're pale and wan.
Thin and lean,
Pale and wan,
John hates Jean,
And Jean hates John.

John prays heaven to take his Jean,
Jean at the devil wishes John;
He'll dancing on her grave be seen,
She'll laugh when he is dead and gone.
They'll gay be seen,
Dead and gone,
For John hates Jean,
And Jean hates John.

all dead and

Bold Jack.

WHILE up the shrouds the sailor goes,
Or ventures on the yard,
The landman, who no better knows
Believes his lot is hard;
But Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell
The vessel rudely bear,

D

Now sinking in a hollow dell,
Now quiv'ring in the air,
Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,
You ne'er hear him repine,
Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,
Or burning near the line;
Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair,
While splinter'd masts go by the board,
And shot sing thro' the air,
Bold Jack, &c.

The poor old Woman of eighty.

How kind and how good of his dear majesty,
In the midst of his matters so weighty,
To think of so lowly a creature as me,
A poor old woman of eighty.

Were your sparks to come round me, in love with
each charm,
Say I have nothing to say t'ye;
I can get a young fellow to keep my back warm,
Tho' a poor old woman of eighty.

John Strong is as comely a lad as you'll see,
And one that will ne'er say nay t'ye ;
I cannot but think what a comfort he'll be
To me, an old woman of eighty.

Then fear not, ye fair ones, tho' long past your
youth,

You'll have lovers in scores beg and pray t'ye,
Only think of my fortune, who have but one tooth,
A poor old woman of eighty.

Poor Yanko.

WHEN Yanko, dear, fight far away,
Some token kind me send ;
One branch of olive, for dat say
Me wish de battle end.

The poplar tremble while him go,
Say of dy life take care,
Me send no laurel, for me know
Of dat he find no share.

De ivy say my heart be true,
Me droop, say willow tree,
De torn he say me sick for you,
De sun-flower, tink of me.

Till last me go weep wid de pine,
For fear poor Yanko dead ;

He come, and I de myrtle twine,
In chaplet for him head.

A Bed of Moss.

A BED of moss we'll straight prepare,
Where near him gently creeping,
We'll pat his cheeks, and stroke his hair,
And watch him while he's sleeping.

Sweet flowers of every scent and hue,
Pinks, violets, and roses,
And blooming hyacinths we'll strew,
As sweetly he reposes.

And we'll with fond emotion start,
And while, with admiration,
We softly feel his fluttering heart
Partake its palpitation.

The Lawyer's Life.

By roguery 'tis true,
I opulent grew,
Just like any other professional sinner ;
An orphan, d'ye see,
Would just wash down my tea,
And a poor friendless widow would serve me for
dinner,

I was to be sure,
Of the helpless and poor
A guardian appointed to manage the pelf;
And I manag'd it well,
But how—say you—tell?
Why I let them all starve to take care of myself.

With these tricks I went on,
Till, faith sir, anon,
A parcel of stupid, mean-spirited souls,
As they narrowly watch'd me,
Soon at my tricks catch'd me,
And, in their own words, haul'd me over the coals.

In the pillory, that fate
For rogues soon or late,
I stood, for the sport of a dissolute mob;
Till my neck master Ketch
Was so eager to stretch,
That I gave up the thing as a dangerous job.

Now a wolf—from their dams
I steal plenty of lambs,
Pamper'd high, and well fed—an insatiable glutton,
In much the same sphere
When a man, I move here,
Make and break laws at pleasure, and kill my own
mutton.

Then since, for their sport,
No one here moves the court,
Nor am I amenable to an employer,
I shall for ever prefer,
With your leave, my good sir,
The life of a wolf to the life of a lawyer.

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain ;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn-trees
grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his love's ev'ning and morn ;
He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
'That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air ;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing ;
Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the
spring.

That Madie, in all the gay charms of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke
truth ;

But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
dow'r,

Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour ;
Then, sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

Birks of Invermay.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tunefu' birds to sing ;
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay ;
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in fast raptures waste the day
Amang the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear ;
At this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade ;
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters please no more ;
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites sing,
The rocks around wi' echoes ring,
The mavis and the blackbird vie
In tunefu' strains to glad the day ;
The woods now wear their summer-fuits,
To mirth a' nature now invites ;
Let us be blythsome then, and gay,
Amang the birks of Invermay.

Behold, the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound ;

The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams ;
The busy bee with humming noise,
And a' the reptile kind rejoice ;
Let us like them, then sing and play,
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters, as they fa',
Loudly my love to gladness ca' ;
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams ;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance ;
Let us as jovial be as they
Amang the birks of Invermay.

Down the Burn, Davie.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
and broom bloom'd fair to see ;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her ee' :
Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
" Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
" And I will follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burn-side,

And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosie, red, and white,
Her een were bonny blue:
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they said!
His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
And with her bosom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully blest,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
Love only saw the rest.

"What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
"And naething sure unmeet;
"For ganging hame I heard them say,
"They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet:
"And that they aften shou'd return
"Sik pleasure to renew;
"Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
"And ay shall follow you."

Ettrick Banks.

ON Ettrick banks, in a Summer's night,
At gloming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot a' her lang;

My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kifs'd and clapt her there fou lang,
My words they were na mony feck.

I said, my lassie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Erie to learn?
I'll baith gi' thee a cow and ewe,
When we come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
An' herrings at the Broomy Law;
Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter frosts, and snaw begin;
Soon as the sun gaes wast the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring;
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant Summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my Summer shield.
Then far frae a' their scornfu din,
That mak the kindly heart their sport,
We'll laugh, and kifs, and dance, and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.

The unbappy Maid.

FAREWELL ye green fields and sweet groves,
Where Strephon engag'd my poor heart :
Where nightingales warble their throats,
And nature is drefs'd without art ;
No pleasure they now can afford,
Nor music can lull me to rest ;
For Strephon proves false to his word,
And Phillis can never be blest.

Oft times, by the side of a spring,
Where roses and lilies appear,
Gay Strephen of Phillis would sing,
For Phillis was all he held dear ;
So soon as he found by my eyes
The passion that glow'd in my breast,
He then to my grief and surprise,
Prov'd all he had said was a jest.

Too soon, to my sorrow I find
The beauties alone that will last
Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
Which envy, nor time, cannot blast :
Beware then, ye fair, how ye trust
The fool who to love makes pretence ;
For Strephon to me had been just,
If nature had blest him with sense.

Nancy and the Miller.

ONE midsummer morning, when nature look'd gay,
The birds full of song, and the flocks full of play ;
When earth seem'd to answer the smiles from above,

And all things proclaim'd it a season of love ;
My mother cry'd, Nancy, come, haste to the mill,
If the corn be not ground you may scold if you will.

The freedom to use my tongue pleas'd me no
doubt ;

A woman, Alas ! would be nothing without :
I went towards the mill without any delay,
And conn'd o'er the words I determin'd to say,
But when I came near it, I found it stock still,
Bless my stars now ! cry'd I, huff him rarely I will.

The miller to market that instant was gone,
The work it was left to the care of his son :
Now tho' I can scold as well as any one can,
I thought 'twould be wrong to scold the young
man :

I said, I'm surpris'd you can use me so ill,
I must have my corn ground, I must and I will.

Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the fault is not mine,
No corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine ;
There's none more ready in pleasing the fair,
The mill shall go merrily round I declare.

But hark how the birds sing, and see how they
bill,

I must have a kiss first, I must and I will.

My corn being done, I towards home bent my
way,

He whisper'd he'd something of moment to say,
Insisted to hand me along the green mead,
And there swore he lov'd me indeed, and indeed!
And that he'd be constant and true to me still,
And since that time I've lik'd him, and like him I
will.

I often say, Mother, the miller I'll huff.
She laughs and cries, Go, girl, ay, plague him
enough;

And scarce a day passes, but by her desire,
I get a sly kiss from the youth I admire.
If wedlock he wishes, his wish I'll fulfil,
And I'll answer, O yes, with a hearty good will.

Kate of Aberdeen.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflecting light;

To courts be gone, heart-soothing sleep,
Where you've so seldom been,
While I May's wakeful vigils keep
With *Kate of Aberdeen*.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
In primrose chapiets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May;
'The nymphs and swains shall all declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As *Kate of Aberdeen*.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse yon nodding grove,
Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
And hail the maid I love:
At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new dress'd green:
Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis *Kate of Aberdeen*.

Now blythsome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves disportive play,
The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their love-tun'd lay.
Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
And claims a virgin queen;
The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
"Here's *Kate of Aberdeen*."

Through the Wood, Laddie.

O Sandy! Why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn!
Thy presence could ease me,
When nothing can please me;
Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are
clear,
While lav'rocks are singing,
And primroses springing,
Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,
I'm fash'd with their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning,
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, no longer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in langour till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing,
and play.

Broom of Cowdenknows.

How blithe was I each morn to see
 My swain come o'er the hill!
 He leap'd the brook and flew to me;
 I met him with good will.
 Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
 Where lost was my repose;
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 When his flocks near me lay;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me all the day.
 Oh! the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by;
 The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
 Oh! the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time, by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
 Oh! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour:
 Cou'd I but faithful be?

He stole my heart, could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
Oh! the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain,
That ever yet was born.
Oh! the broom, &c.

When War's Alarms.

WHEN wars alarms intic'd my Willy from me,
My poor heart with grief did sigh,
Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow on
me,
'Woke e'er yet the morn was nigh.
No other could delight him;
Ah! why did I ere slight him!
Coldly ans'ring his fond tale,
Which drove him far, amid the rage of war,
And left silly me thus to bewail.

But I no longer, tho' a maid forsaken,
Thus will mourn like yonder dove,
For ere the lark to-morrow shalt awaken,
I will seek my absent love,
The hostile country over,
I'll fly to seek my lover,

Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear,
 Nor distant shore, nor cannons roar,
 Shall longer keep me from my dear.

Amynta.

My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
 Nae mair for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,
 For ambition I said, would soon cure me of love.
 O what had my youth with ambition to do?
 Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
 O gi' me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander frae love and Amynta no more.

Thro' regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!
 O fool to imagine that ought can subdue
 A love so well-founded, a passion so true.
 O what had my youth, &c.

Alas! 'tis o'er late at thy fate to repine;
 Poor shepherd, Amynta nae mair can be thine:
 Thy tears are a' fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
 The moments neglected return nae again.

O what had my youth with ambition to do?
 Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?
 O gi' me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander frae love and Amynta no more.

Braes of Ballenden.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain ;
So sad yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to
 flow ;
Rude winds, wi' compassion, cou'd hear him com-
 plain,
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view ;
Those eyes then, wi' pleasure, the dawn could
 survey,
Nor smil'd the fair morning, mair chearfu' than
 they ;
Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew ;
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air :
But love's ardent fever burns always the same ;
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires :

I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind;
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
To lengthen its moments but lengthens despair.

Highland Queen.

No more my song shall be, ye swains,
Of purling streams, or flow'ry plains;
More pleasing beauties me inspire,
And Phœbus tunes the warbling lyre;
Divinely aided, thus I mean
To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her sweet innocence you'll find,
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike she smiles on you and me.
The brightest nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No sordid wish, or trifling joy,
Her settled calm of mind destroy;
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
And adds a lustre to the whole;
A matchless shape, a graceful mein,
All centre in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle fate
Has destin'd for so fair a mate !
Has all these wond'rous gifts in store,
And each returning day brings more ;
No youth so happy can be seen,
Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.

The echoing Horn.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,
To horse, my brave boys, and away ;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox !
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies :
Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza !
The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals shouting and gay,
How sweet with our bottle and lads to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day !
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
Dull wisdom all happiness sou'rs ;
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

Last Valentine's Day.

LAST Valentine's day, when bright Phœbus shone
 clear,
 Had not been a hunting for more than a year,
 Taleo, taleo, &c.
 Mounted black Sloven, o'er the road made him
 bound,
 I heard the hounds challenge, and horns
 sweetly found.
 Taleo, taleo, &c.

Hallo, into covert, old Anthony cries;
 No sooner he spoke, but the fox, Sir, he 'spies,
 Taleo, &c.
 This being the signal, he then crack'd his whip,
 Taleo was the word, and away he did leap.
 Taleo, &c.

Then up rides Dick Dawson, who car'd not a
 pin,
 He sprung at the drain, but his horse tumbl'd in,
 Taleo, &c.
 And as he crept out, why, he spy'd the old ren,
 With his tongue hanging out, stealing home to his
 den.
 Taleo, &c.

Our hounds and our horses were always as good
 As ever broke covert, or dash'd thro' the wood,
 Taleo, &c.

Old Reynard runs hard, but must certainly die,
Have at you, old Tony, Dick Dawson did cry.
Taleo, &c.

The hounds they had run twenty miles now or
more,
Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too and swore,
Taleo, &c.
But Reynard being spent, soon must give up the
ghost,
Which will heighten our joys when we come to
each toast.
Taleo, &c.

The day's sport being over, the horns we will
sound,
To the jolly fox-hunters let echo resound,
Taleo, &c.
So fill up your glasses, and cheerfully drink
To the honest true sportsman who never will
shrink.
Taleo, &c,

Since Love is the Plan.

SINCE love is the plan,
I'll love if I can—
Attend, and I'll tell you what sort of a man;
In address how complete,
And in dress spruce and neat,
No matter how tall, so he's over five feet;

Not dull, nor too witty,
 His eyes I'll think pretty,
 If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.

In a song bear a bob,
 In a glass a hab-nob,
 Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob;
 Tho, gentle he be,
 His man he shall see,
 Yet never be conquer'd by any but me.
 This, this is my fancy ;
 If such a man I can see,
 I'm his, if he's mine ; until then, I'll be free.

Tho' Leixlip is proud, &c.

THO' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,
 Its clearfalling waters and murmuring cascades,
 Its groves of fine myrtles, its beds of sweet flowers,
 Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty
 maids ;
 As each his own village must still make the most
 of,
 In praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong:
 Dear Carton ! containing what kingdoms may
 boast of !
 'Tis Norah, dear Norah ! the theme of my
 song.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots
 on,
 Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kil-
 dare;
 Or dance at a ball with their Sunday's new suits
 on,
 Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice
 powder'd hair:
 Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble sta-
 tion,
 For gold and for acres he never shall long;
 One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a
 nation,
 From Norah, dear Norah! the theme of my
 song.

Auld Robin Gray.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky at
 hame,
 And a' the warld to sleep were gane,
 The waes of my heart fa's in showers frae my e'e,
 When my guidman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me well, and he sought me
 for his bride,
 But saving a crown, he had naething beside:
 To make that crown a pound my Jamie went to
 sea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell ill, and the cow was
stow'n awa';
My father brake his arm, and my Jamie went to
sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting to me.

My father cou'da' work, and my mither cou'dna'
spin,
I toil d day and night, but their bread I cou'dna'
win;
Auld Robin maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears
in his ee',
Said Jenny for their sakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wreck,
The ship it was a wreck, why didna Jenny die?
And why do I live to cry Waes me!

Auld Robin argu'd fair; tho' my mither didna'
speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to
break:
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in
the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is a guidman to me.

I hadna' been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,

I saw my Jamie's wreath, but I didna' think it
he,
Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took each but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves
away.

I wish I were dead, but I'm not like to die,
And wha' do I live to say Waes me?

I gang like a gaird, and I carena' to spin,
I darena' think on Jamie, for that would be a sin:
But I'll do my best a good wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.

The Death of auld Robin Gray, and Jamie's Return.

THE Summer it was smiling, all nature round
was gay,
When Jenny was attending on auld Robin
Gray;
For he was sick at heart, and had nae friend be-
side,
But only me, poor Jenny, who newly was his
bride.

Ah! Jenny, I shall die, he cry'd, as sure as I had
birth;
Then see my poor old banes, I pray, laid into the
earth;

And be a widow for my sake a twelvemonth and
a day,
And I'll leave you whate'er belongs to auld Ro-
bin Gray.

I laid poor Robin in the earth as decent as I cou'd,
And shed a tear upon his grave, for he was very
good;
I took my rock into my hand, and in my cot I
figh'd,
Oh, wae's me, what shall I do, since poor auld
Robin died.

Search ev'ry part throughout the land, there's nane
like me forlorn,
I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was
born;
For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth, Ah! he is gone
away,
My father's dead, my mother's dead, and eke auld
Robin Gray.

I rose up with the morning sun, and spun till set-
ting day,
And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd
for Robin Gray:
I did the duty of a wife, both kind and constant
too;
Let ev'ry one example take, and Jenny's plan
pursue.



I thought that Jamie he was dead, or he to me
was lost,
And all my fond and youthful love entirely it was
cross :
I try'd to sing, I try'd to laugh, and pass the time
away,
For I had ne'er a friend alive since dy'd auld Ro-
bin Gray.

At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'dna'
guess the cause ;
But Rodney was the man they said, that gain'd
so much applause :
I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to me,
And show'd a purse of golden ore, and said, It is
for thee ;

Auld Robin Gray, I find is dead, and still your
heart is true,
Then, take me, Jenny, to your arms, and I will
be so too.
Mefs John shall join us at the kirk, and we'll be
blithe and gay ;
I blush'd, consented, and reply'd, Adieu to Ro-
bin Gray.

The Miller's Wedding.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport and
to play ;

Let the tabor strike up, and the village be gay,
Let the tabor, &c.

No day thro' the year shall more cheerful be seen,
For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green,
For Ralph, &c.

I love Sue, and Sue love loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we ?

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a
bride,

Be married to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd ;
My body is stout, and my heart is as found,
And my love, like my courage, will never give
ground.

I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,
And prudently take the best bidders to bed ;
Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss,
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.

I love Sue, &c.

Though Ralph is not courtly, nor one of our
beaus,
Nor bounces, nor flutters, nor wears your fine
clothes,
In nothing he'll follow from folks of high life,
Nor ne'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.
I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thus thou art kind, and my tongue but lies
still,
Our joys shall continue, and ever be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.
I love Sue, &c.

The happy Pair.

How blest has my time been? what joys have I
known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own?
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.
That freedom is tasteless, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we
fray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green :
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and
smiles.

What tho' on her cheek the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good-humour blooms all the year
through :

Time still as he flies adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her
youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous
fair ;

In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam,
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

The Linnets.

As bringing home the other day
Two linnets I had tae'n,
The pretty warblers seem'd to pray
For liberty again.
Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
I sang across the mead ;
In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing through the tufted grove
Near which my cottage stood,

I thought I saw the queen of love
When Chlora's charms I view'd.
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay
To hear my tender tale;
But all in vain, she fled away,
Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound which love had made,
Came pity to my breast;
And thus I as compassion bade,
The feather'd pair address'd:
"Ye little warblers, cheerful be,
"Remember not ye flew:
"For I who thought myself so free,
"Am far more caught than you."

The Wish.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
And the meadows their beauty have lost;
When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the streams are fast bound with the frost:
While the peasant inactive stands shiv'ring with
cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow:
When the innocent flocks run for ease to the fold:
With their fleeces all cover'd with snow:
In the yard while the cattle are fodder'd with
straw,
And send forth their breath like a stream!

And the neat-looking dairy-maid sees she must
thaw

Fleaks of ice which she finds in her cream :
When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as the
rose,

As she carelessly trips, often slides,
And the rustics loud laugh, if by falling she shows
All the charms that her modesty hides :

When the birds to the barn-door hover for food,
As with silence they rest on the spray ;
And the poor tired hare in vain seeks the wood,
Lest her footsteps her cause should betray ;
When the lads and the lasses, in company join'd,
In a crowd round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies and witches that ride in the wind,
And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat :

Heav'n grant in this season it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire,
Whilst the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
I may thither in safety retire.
Where in neatness and quiet, and free from sur-
prise,
We may live and no hardships endure,
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
But such as each other may cure.

Bide ye yet.

Gin I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire,
A bonny wee wifie to praise and admire,
A bonny wee yardy aside a wee burn,
Farewell to the bodies that yammer and mourn.

And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide ye yet,
Some bonny wee body may be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang a-field, and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean ;
And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry pappa or daddy to me.

And bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be
A diff'rence a'tween my wee wifie and me,
In hearty good humour altho' she be teaz'd,
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleas'd.

And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what will betide ye yet,
Some bonny wee body may be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

My Heart's my ain.

'Tis nae very lang finfyne
That I had a lad o' my ain,
But now he's awa' to anither,
And left me a' my lane.
The las he's courting has filler,
And I hae nanè at a' ;
And its nought but the love of the tocher
That's ta'en my lad awa'.

But I'm blyth that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Until that I meet wi' a lad
Who has sence to wale a good wife.
For tho' I say't myself,
That should na say't, 'tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife
He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang fou clean and fou tosh,
As a' the neighbours can tell,
Tho' I've seldom a gown on my back,
But sic as I spin mysel'.
And when I am clad in my curtsy,
I think mysel' as bra'
As Susie, wi' a' her pearling,
That's ta'en my lad away.

But I wish they were buckl'd together,
And may they live for life ;

Tho' Willie does slight me, and's left me,
The chield he deserves a good wife.
But, O! I'm blithe that I've mis'd him,
As blithe as I weel can be;
For ane that's sae keen o' the filler
will ne'er agree wi' me.

But, as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be scrimpit and scant:
The wee thing I hae I'll make use o't,
And nae ane about me shall want.
For I'm a gude guide o' the warld,
I ken when to had and to gie;
For whinging and cringing for filler
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that has enough:
The master is seldom so happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad would cast up,
To make me his partner for life,
If the chield has the sense to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

He's stole my tender Heart away.

THE fields were green, the hills were gay,
And birds were singing on each spray,

When Colin met me in the grove,
And told me tender tales of love,
Was ever swain so blythe as he,
So kind, so faithful, and so free !
In spite of all my friends could say,
Young Colin stole my heart away !
In spite of all, &c.

Whene'er he trips the meads along,
He sweetly joins the woodlark's song ;
And when he dances on the green,
There's none so blythe as Colin seen :
If he's but by, I nothing fear,
For I alone am all his care ;
Then, in spite of all my friends can say,
He's stole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
And seems surpris'd I quit my home ;
But she'd not wonder that I rove,
Did she but feel how much I love :
Full well I know the gen'rous swain
Will never give my bosom pain ;
'Then in spite of all my friends can say,
He's stole my tender heart away.

But what is that to you ?

My Jeany and I had toil'd
The live-lang summer's day,
Till we were almost spoil'd
At making of the hay.

Her kerchy was of holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny brow ;
I whisper'd something in her ear,—
But what is that to you!
But what is that, &c.

Her stockings were of kerfy green,
As tight as ony silk :
Oh ! sic a leg was never seen !
Her skin was white as milk !
Her hair was black as ane could wish,
And sweet, sweet was her mou' !
Oh ! Jeany daintily can kifs !—
But what is that to you ?

The rose and lily baith combine
To make my Jeany fair ;
There is nae bennison like mine,
I have amaisht nae care :
But when another swain, my dear,
Shall say you're fair to view,
Let Jeany whisper in his ear,
Pray what is that to you ?

Conceal thy beauties if you can,
Hide that sweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys these looks divine.
O do not prostitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,

And I with faithful heart shall swear
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enew,
And mony a cuncubine;
But I enjoy a blifs mair true;
His joys were short of mine:
And Jeany's happier than they,
She seldom wants her due:
All debts of love to her I'll pay,
And what is that to you?

Social Power.

Come, now, all ye social powers,
Shed your infl'ence o'er us;
Crown with joy the present hours,
Enliven those before us:

Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us;
Sport, and dance, and laugh and sing,
And cast dull care behind us,

Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of gen'rous passion:
Nor will we ever bow before
Those idols, Wealth or Fashion.
Bring the flask, &c.

Why the plague should we be fad,
 Whilst on earth we moulder ;
 Rich, or poor, or grave, or mad,
 We ev'ry day grow older.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Friendship ! O thy smiles divine,
 Bright in ev'ry feature ;
 What but friendship, love, and wine,
 Can make us happy creatures.
 Bring the flask, &c.

Since the time will steal away,
 Spite of all our sorrow,
 Let's be blithe and gay to-day,
 And never mind to-morrow.

Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy shall quickly find us ;
 Sport, and dance, and laugh, and sing,
 And cast dull care behind us.

The Mind of a Woman can never be known.

THE mind of a woman can never be known,
 You never can guess it aright :
 I'll tell you the reason, she knows not her own,
 She changes so often ere night.

'Twould puzzle Apollo her whimsies to follow,
His oracle would be a jest;
She'll frown when she's kind,
She'll change with the wind;
And often abuses the man that she chuses,
And him she refuses likes best.

To keep them in temper, I'll tell you the way,
I'd have you give ear to my plan;
Be merry and cheerful, good-humour'd, and gay,
And kiss them as oft as you can:
For while you do these, you the ladies will please,
Their affections you're sure for to gain;
Then be of their mind,
And quickly you'll find,
'Tis better than wrangling, contending, and jangling,
For they'll love you, and kiss you again.

When the Men a courting came.

WHEN the men a courting came,
Flatt'ring with their prittle prattle,
Of their fool'ries I made a game,
Rallied with my tittle tattle.

Cooing to me, wooing to me,
Teazing of me, pleasing of me,
Off'ring pelt, each silly elf
Came cooing, wooing, and bowing to me.

The divine, with looks demure,
Talk'd of tythes and eating plenty;
Show'd the profits of his cure,
And vow'd to treat me with each dainty.

Cooing to me, &c.

The learned serjeant of the law
Show'd his parchments, briefs, and papers,
In his deeds I found a flaw,
So dismiss'd him in the vapours.

Cooing to me, &c.

Physic now display'd his wealth,
With his nostrums; but the fact is,
I resolv'd to keep my health,
Nor die a martyr to his practice.

Cooing to me, &c.

But at last a swain bow'd low,
Candid, handsome, tall, and clever,
Squeez'd my hand—I can't tell how,
But he won my heart for ever.

Cooing to me, wooing to me,
Teazing of me, pleasing of me,
Off'ring pelf, each silly elf,
I sent all other wooers from me.

My ain kind Deary O.

Will ye gang o'er the lee-rig,
My ain kind deary O!
And cuddle there so kindly
Wi' me, my kind deary O!

At thornie dike, and birken tree,
We'll daff and ne'er be weary O;
They'll scug ill een frae you and me,
Mine ain kind deary O!

Nae herds wi' kent or colly there,
Shall ever come to fear ye O;
But lav'rocks whistling in the air,
Shall woo like me their deary O!

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for warld's gear my jo,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
Wi' you my kind deary O!

One Bottle more.

Assist me, ye lads, who have hearts void of guile
To sing in the praise of old Ireland's isle,
Where true hospitality opens the door,
And friendship detains us for one bottle more.
One bottle more, arra', one bottle more,
And friendship detains us for one bottle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear;
 With our bulls, and our brogues, we are true and
 sincere,

For if but one bottle remain'd in our store,
 We have gen'rous hearts to give that bottle more.

In Candy's in Church-street I'll sing of a set
 Of six Irish blades who together had met;
 Four bottles a-piece made us call for our score,
 And nothing remained but one bottle more.
 Our bill being paid we were loth to depart,
 For friendship had grappl'd each man by the heart;
 Where the least touch you know makes an Irish-
 man roar, [more.
 And the whack from Shilela brought six bottles

Slow Phœbus had shone thro' our windows so bright,
 Quite happy to view his blest children of light;
 So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor sore,
 Resolving next night to drink ~~twelve~~ bottles more,

The Mulberry Tree.

BEHOLD this fair goblet was carv'd from the tree,
 Which, O my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by
 thee;

As a relie I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
 What comes from thy hand must be ever divine,

All shall yield to the mulberry tree,

Bend to the,

Bless'd mulberry;

Matchless was he
That planted thee,
And thou like him, immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads
sweep the sky ;
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear :
All shall yield, &c.

The Oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once your king, and will always our coast,
Of the fir we make ships; there are thousands that
fight,
But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.
All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomana in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers ;
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers, and the fairest of
fruit.
All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd
birch
Supplies law and physic, and graces the church,
But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
He gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree ;
From him and his merits this takes its degree ;
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.
All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright
day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey,
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.
All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;
Let's fill to the Planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country do honour to him.
All shall yield to the mulberry tree ;
Bend to thee,
Bless'd mulberry ;
Matchless was he
That planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

My Name is honest Harry, O.

My name is honest Harry O,
Mary I will marry O ;
In spite of Nell, or Isabel,
I'll follow my own vagary O.

With my rigdum jigum airy O,
 I love little Mary O,
 In spite of Nell or Ifabel,
 I'll follow my own vagary O.

Smart she is and bonny O.
 Sweet as fugarcandy O,
 Fresh and gay,
 As flow'rs in may,
 And I'm her Jack-a-dandy O.
 With my, &c.

Soon to the church I'll have her O,
 Where we'll wed together O;
 And that, that done,
 Then we'll have fun,
 In spite of wind and weather O.

With my rigdum jigum airy O,
 I love little Mary O;
 In spite of Nell or Ifabel,
 I'll follow my own vagary O.

Follow the Hounds in full cry.

The sun from the east tips the mountains with gold,
 And the meadows all spangl'd with dew-drops be-
 hold;
 The lark's early matins proclaims the new day,
 And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our
 delay,

With the sports in the field their's no pleasure can
vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the
court ;

Nor care nor ambition our pleasures annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;
The priest hunts a living—the lawyer a fee ;
The doctor a patient—the courtier a place,
Tho' often (like us) they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum—the soldier hunts fame :
The poet a dinner—the patriot a name ;
And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and busy hunt glory and wealth,
All the blessings we ask, is the blessing of health ;
With hounds and with horns thro' the woodlands
to roam,

And when tired abroad, find contentment at home.

With the sports of the field, &c.

O

Dear Tom, this brown Jug.

DEAR TOM, this brown jug that now foams with
mild ale,

Out of which I will drink to sweet Kate of the vale,
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r-woven harbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay;
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he dy'd full as big as a Dorchester but.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,
A potter found out, in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug;
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale;
So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

Blow high, blow low,

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear the main-
mast by the board,
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear, and love
well-stor'd,

Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
 The roaring winds, the raging sea ;
 In hopes on shore to be once more
 Safe moor'd with thee.

Blow high, &c.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
 The whist'ling wind that scuds along ;
 And the surge roaring from below,
 Shall my signal be to think on thee,
 And this shall be my song,

Blow high, &c.

And on that night when all the crew,
 The memory of their former lives,
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
 And drink their sweet-hearts and their wives ;
 I'll heave a sigh and think on thee,
 And as the ship rolls thro' the sea,
 The burthen of my song shall be,
 Blow high, &c.

Bright Phæbus.

BRIGHT Phæbus has mounted the chariot of day,
 And the horns and the hounds call each sportsman
 away ;
 Thro' meadows and woods with speed now they
 bound,
 Whilst health, rosy health, is in exercise found,

Hark away is the word to the sound of the horn,
And echo, blithe echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While pufs flies the covert and dogs quick pursue;
Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading
plain,
While the loud opening pack pursue her amain.
Hark away, &c.

At length pufs is caught, and lies panting for
breath,
And the shout of the huntsman's the signal of
death,
No joys can delight like the sports of the field,
To hunting all pastime and pleasure must yield.
Hark away, &c.

A sweet-scented Beau.

A sweet-scented beau, and a simp'ring young Cit,
An artful Attorney, a Rake, and a Wit,
Set out in a chase in pursuit of her heart,
Whilst chloe disdainfully laught at their art:
And rous'd by the hounds to meet the sweet morn,
Tantivy, she follow'd the echoing horn.

Wit swore by his fancy, the Beau by his face,
The Lawyer with Quibble, set out on the chase;

The Cit with exactness, made out his account,
 The Rake told his conquest, how vast the amount!
 She laugh'd at their follies and blithe as the morn,
 Tantivity, she follow'd the echoing horn.

The clamorous noise rous'd a jolly young Swain,
 Hark! forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd o'er the
 plain,
 He distanc'd the Wit, the Cit, Quibble, and Beau,
 And won the fair Nymph, hollow! hollow!
 Now together they sing a sweet hymn to the morn,
 Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

Balinamone Ora.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long,
 Abroad, or at home, or alone in a throng,
 I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
 That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in my
 song.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
 Balinamone Ora, a kiss of your sweetlips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I took no repose;
 I sleep all the day to forget half my woes:
 So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,
 By St. Patrick, I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.

Sing Balinamone Ora, &c.

Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience I fear I shall die in my grave,
 Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will save,
 And grant the petition your lover does crave,
 Who never was free till you made him your slave.

Sing Balinamone Ora, &c.

Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
 With a swinging long sword how I'll strut and
 I'll stride,

In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
 As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,

Your little white fist for me.

The Bonny Sailor.

My bonny sailor's won my mind!

My heart is now with him at sea;

I hope the summer's western breeze

Will bring him safely back to me!

I wish to hear what glorious toils;

What dangers he has undergone:

What forts he storm'd, how great the spoils

From France and Spain my sailor's won.

A thousand terrors chill'd my breast,

When fancy brought the foe in view;

And day and night I've had no rest,

Left ev'ry gale a tempest blew.

Bring, gentle gales, my sailor home !
 His ship at anchor may I see !
 Three years are sure enough to roam ;
 Too long for one that loves like me.

His face by sultry climes is wan,
 His eyes, by watching, shine less bright ;
 But still I'll own my charming man,
 And run to meet him when in sight.
 His honest heart is what I prize ;
 No weather can make that look old ;
 Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes,
 I'll love my jolly sailor bold.



Life's Like a Sea, in Constant Motion.

LIFE's like a sea, in constant motion,
 Sometimes high and sometimes low ;
 Where every one must brave the ocean,
 Whatsoever winds do blow.
 Tho' at night by squalls or showers,
 Or driven by some gentle gales,
 If dangers rise be ever ready
 To manage well the swelling sails.

What, tho' the wayward winds would bluster,
 Let us not give way to fear ;
 But all our patience let us muster,
 And learn by reason how to steer :

Let judgment ever keep us steady,
For that's a balance seldom fails;
If dangers rise, be ever ready
To manage well the swelling sails,

Trust not too much your own opinion,
When the vessel's under way;
Let good example be your dominion,
That will seldom lead astray.
But should thunder o'er you shudder,
Or Boreas o'er the surface rails,
Let good directions guide the rudder,
Whilst providence conducts the sails.

When you are safe from dangers riding,
In some favourite port or bay,
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
Care awhile in slumbers lay;
Next, each a can of liquor flowing,
And good fellowship prevails;
Let every heart with rapture glowing,
Drink, "Success unto the Sails!"

The Honey Moon.

Wov'n you know, my good friends, what the ho-
ney-moon is,
How long the duration, how perfect the bliss,
A proof may be found, and a sample be seen,
In some boarding-school couple just left Gretna-
green.

My dearest, my duck,
My sweetest, my chuck;
Miss Kitty's an angel, her Billy's a god;
Whips crack, glasses jingle,
While sighs intermingle,
And Cupid assents, and goes niddity nod,
Niddity nod, niddity nod,
O'er Kitty the angel, and Billy the god.

Papa's and mamma's surly tempers once past,
Bright Bloomsbury-square has this couple at last;
In three week's possession, how pleasures will cloy,
Neglect hurts the lady, and time cools the boy.

So impatient to roam;—
Ma'am you're never at home,
A path so vexatious no wife ever trod;
My torment, my curse;—
You are bad—You are worse.
While Cupid flies off, from a quarrel so odd,
Niddity nod, niddity nod,
And Miss is no angel, and Billy no god.

To routs hies the lady, to gambling goes master,
To part from each other, ne'er couple went faster,
While raking at night, and distraction at noon.
Soon close all the joys of the sweet honey-moon.

Bleeding hearts, aching heads,
Sep'rate tables and beds,
Render wedlock's sweet countenance dull as a
clod;

Then hie for a summons
 From grave Doctor Commons,
 While proctors and parchments go niddity nod,
 Niddity nod, niddity nod,
 O'er Kitty the angel, and Billy the god.

Hoot awa, ye Loon.

When weary Sol gang'd down the west,
 And silver Cynthia rose;
 The flow'r enamell'd banks I prest,
 Where chrystal Eden flows.
 Young Jockey sat him by my side,
 I kenn'd his meaning soon;
 He ask'd a kiss, I scornful cry'd,
 Ah! hoot awa, ye loon.

Dear Peggy gin ye flout a youth,
 Or gi' that bosom pain,
 Which pants wi' honour and wi' truth
 To tak thee for its ain;
 Then on his pipe he sweetly play'd,
 A maist delightful tune:
 But na mair words to him I said,
 Than, "Hoot awa, ye loon."

He said mifs John shou'd us unite,
 If I to kirk wad gang;
 My bosom beat wi' new delight,
 Wi' him I went along.

The bonny lad I found sincere,
Not waining like the moon;
So dear I loo'd him, I na mair
Will "Hoot awa, ye loon."

I Travers'd Judah's barren Sand.

I TRAVERS'D Judah's barren sand,
At beauty's altar to adore;
But there the Turks had spoil'd the land,
And Sion's daughters were no more.
In Greece the bold imperious mein,
The wanton look, the leering eye,
Bade love's devotion not be seen
Where constancy is never nigh.

From thence to Italy's fair shore
I bent my never ceasing way,
And to Loretta's temple bore
A mind devoted still to pray.
But there, too, Superstition's hand
Had sicklied ev'ry feature o'er,
And made me soon regain the land,
Where beauty fills the western shore.

Where Hymen with celestial pow'r
Connubial transport doth adorn;
Where purest virtue sports the hour
That ushers in each happy morn.
Ye daughters of old Albion's isle,
Where'er I go, where'er I stray,

O charity's sweet children smile
To cheer a pilgrim on his way.

The Green Sedgy Banks.

ON the green sedgy banks of the sweet winding Tay,
As blithe as the woodlark that carols in May,
I pass'd the gay moments with joy and delight,
For peace cheer'd the morn, and content crown'd
the night;
Till love taught young hope my youth to deceive—
What we wish to be true—love bids us believe.

Wherever I wander, thro' hill, dale or grove,
Young Sandy would follow with soft tales of love;
Enraptur'd he press'd me, then vow'd with a sigh,
If Jenny was cruel—alas! he must die;
A youth so engaging, with ease might deceive—
What we wish to be true—love bids us believe.

He stole my fond heart, then he left me to mourn,
For peace and content, that ne'er can return;
From the clown to the beau the sex are all art,
They complain of the wound, but we feel the smart:
We join in the fraud, and ourselves we deceive—
What we wish to be true—love bids us believe.

Duet.

How sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound
and horn
To waken thrill echo, and taste the fresh morn;
But hard is the chase my fond heart must pursue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view:—
She's lost!—Fair Daphne is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the Roebuck, and wing'd with
disdain;
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies—
Tho' Daphne's pursued—'tis Myrtillo that dies.—
That dies!—Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo
that dies.

Duet.

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand:
Ah why so soon the blossom tear,
Ere autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
Pleas'd, let me trifle life away,
And sing of love ere I grow old.

P

Duet.

Ah! what avails thy lover's prayer,
His incense clouds the sky in vain;
Nor wealth, nor greatness was his care,
Thee, thee alone, he begg'd to gain.

With thee to waste the pleasing day,
When ev'ry hour in joy was past;
With love insensibly decay,
And on thy bosom breathe my last.

Logan Braes.

By Logan's streams that runs fae deep,
Fu' aft' wi' glee I've herded sheep—
Herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But, waes my heart these days are gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me, or Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he,
Atween the preachings meet wi' me—
Meet wi' me, or when its mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk;
Well may I sing these days are gane,
Frae kirk or fair I come alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far far frae me, or Logan braes.

Jockey is a bonny Lad.

Now Jockey is a bonny lad, a merry lad, a cheery
lad,

A bonny lad, a canty lad, and just the lad for me;
For while he o'er the meadow strays, he's ay fa
canty, ay fa gay,

And aft right happy does he say, there's nane he
loes like me.

For he's ay kissing, ay clapping, ay dawting and
squeezing,

Ay kissing, kissing me, he winna let me be.

I met my lad the tither day, frisking o'er a field
of hay,

Says he, dear lassie, will you stay, and crack a
while wi' me;

Na Jockey, lad, I dare na stay, my minie she'll
miss me away,

Then flyte and scold a day, an' play the deil wi'
me.

But Jockey still continued hugging, tugging,
dawting, squeezing,

Ay kissing, kissing, clapping, winna let me be.

Now Jockey see my hair's a' down, and see you
torn a' my gown,

How will I get through the town, come Jockey
tell to me,

But he ne'er minded what I said, but wi' my neck
and bosom play'd,
Though I intreated, beg'd, and pray'd him not to
tuzzle me.

But Jockey still continu'd hugging, tugging,
dawting, squeezing,

Ay kissing, kissing me, till baith down came we.

As breathless and fatigu'd I lay, in his arms
amang the hay,

My blood fast through my veins did play, as he
lay hugging me ;

I thought my breath would never last, for Jockey
danc'd so devilish fast,

But what came o'er, I true, at last, there's deil
ane kens but me.

For soon he weary'd o' his dance, and a his
jumping and his prance,

And confest without romance, he was fain to
let me be.

Skaiting Duet.

THIS bleak and frosty morning,
All thought of danger scorning,
This bleak and frosty morning,
All thought of danger scorning,

Our spirits briskly flowing, were all in a glow,
Thro' the sparkling snow, while a skating we go,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, to the sound of—
The merry, merry horn.

From the right to the left we are plying,
Swifter than winds now flying,
From the right, &c.

In circles we sleep, or poise still we keep,
Behold how we sweep, the face of the deep.
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, to the sound of—
The merry, merry horn.

Great Jove looks on us smiling,
Who thus the time beguiling,
Great Jove, &c.

Where the waters he seal, still rove on our keel,
Our weapons are steel, and no dangers we feel,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, to the sound of—
The merry, merry horn.

See, see our train advances,
See how each skaiter lances,
Spheres on spheres surrounding,
Health and strength abounding,
The Tritons shall blow, their conch shells below,
And their beards fear to show, while a skating
we go,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, to the sound of—
The merry, merry horn.

Alone by the light of the Moon.

WHEN fairies dance round on the grass,
Who revel all night in a roun,'
Then say, will you meet me, sweet lass,
Alone, by the light of the moon?
Then say, &c.

First swear you will never deceive
The lass you have conquer'd so soon,
Nor leave a lost maiden to grieve,
Alone by the light of the moon.
Nor leave, &c.

I swear to be constant and true,
Nor would I be false for a crown :
I'll meet you at twelve on the green,
Alone by the light of the moon,
I'll meet, &c.

The nightingale perch'd on the thorn,
Enchants ev'ry ear with her song,
And is glad on the absence of morn,
To salute the pale light of the moon.
And is, &c.

How sweet is the jessamin grove !
How sweet are the roses in June !
More sweet is the language of love,
Breath'd forth by the light of the moon.
More sweet, &c.

The Sailors wat'ry grave.

WHILE o'er the raging roaring seas,
The sailors heart is sore oppress'd,
While landsmen safe, with health and ease,
For wives and children we've no rest;
To them perhaps ne'er shall return,
Our little savings cannot save,
But we are lost! and they long mourn,
The sailors cold! cold! wat'ry grave.

Kind landsmen, oh! reflect a while,
The awful scenes that us befall,
On sailors orphans cast a smile,
Poor hearts! shou'd they for pity call;
To them perhaps ne'er to return,
Our little savings cannot save,
But we are lost! and they long mourn,
The sailors cold! cold! wat'ry grave.

Contented I am.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be;
Resolv'd in this life to live happy and free,
With the cares of the world I'm seldom perplex'd,
I'm sometimes uneasy, but never am vex'd;
Some higher, some lower, I own there may be,
But there's more who live worse, than live better than me.

My life is a compound of freedom and ease;
 I go when I will, and return when I please;
 I live above envy, also above strife;
 And wish I had judgment to choose a good wife;
 I'm neither so low nor so high in degree,
 But ambition and want are both strangers to me.

Did you know how delightful my gay hours do pass,
 With my bottle before me, embrac'd by my lass;
 I'm happy while with her, contented alone,
 My wine is my kingdom, my cask is my throne;
 My glass is the sceptre by which I shall reign,
 And my whole privy council's a flask of champaign.

When money comes in, I live till it's gone;
 While I have it, quite happy, contented with none.
 If I lose it at gaming, I think it but lent;
 If I spend it genteelly, I'm always content:
 Thus in mirth and good humour my gay hours
 do pass,
 And on Saturday's night I am just as I was.

The Bagrie O't.

WHEN I think on this world's pelf,
 And how little I hae o't to myself;
 I sigh when I look to my thread-bare coat,
 And shame fa' the geer and the bagrie o't.

Johnny was the lad that held the plough,
But now he has got goud and gear enough;
I weel mind the day when he was nae worth a groat,
And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Jenny was the lass that mucked the byre,
But now she goes in her silken attire:
And she was a lass who wore a plaiding coat,
And shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Yet a' this shall never danton me,
Sae lang's I keep my fancy free:
While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,
May shame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Dans Votre Lit.

DANS votre lit, my Fanny fay,
When past the busy hours of day;
Stay and let me happy be,
To find you sometimes think on me,

Dans votre lit.

But whether absent or in view,
My thoughts are fondly bent on you;
When in my dreams I'm full of glee,
And in my arms embracing thee,

Dans votre lit.

But soon as dawn appears, my fair,
The blissful vision's lost in air;

Consent and you shall quickly see,
'Twill make it sweet reality,

Dans votre lit.

The soft confession make, my fair,
And with it glad my raptur'd ear;
And in return I'll swear to thee,
Ten thousand worlds I'd give to be

Dans votre lit.

Nancy of the Dale.

My Nancy leaves the rural train,

A camp's distress to prove;

All other ills she can sustain,

But living from her love:

Yet, dearest, tho' your soldier's there,

Will not your spirit fail,

To mark the dangers you must share,

Dear Nancy of the dale?

Dear Nancy, &c.

Or should you, love, each danger scorn,

Ah! how shall I secure

Your health—mid toils which you were borne

To sooth—but not endure:

A thousand perils I must view,

A thousand ills assail;

Nor must I tremble e'en for you,
Dear Nancy of the dale.
Dear Nancy, &c.

Plato's Advice.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great ?
Why looketh he with insolent disdain,
On those undeck'd with wealth or state !
Can costly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair ;
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health or ease the brow of care.

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
The humble, and the haughty die ;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction lie :
Go, search the tombs where monarch's rest,
Who once the greatest titles wore,
Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
And spreads along a gilded train ;
When shot—'tis gone—its beauty dies—
Dissolves to common air again :

So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
 Let friendship reign, while here we stay ;
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
 When Jove commands we must obey.

Amo, amas.

Amo amas,
 I love a lass,
 As a cedar tall and slender :
 Sweet Cowslip's grace,
 Is her nomn'tive case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.

CHORUS.

Rorum corum,
 Sunt divorum,
 Divo !——
 Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hat-band,
 Hic, hoc, horum, genativo !

Can I decline,
 A nymph divine ?
 Her voice like a flute is dulcis ;
 Her oculus bright,
 Her manus white,
 And soft, when I tacto, her pulse is.
 Rorum corum, &c.

Oh my bella,
 My puella!
 I'll kiss, secula seculorum :
 If I've luck, sir,
 She's my uxor ;
 O dies benedictorum !
 Rorum corum, &c.

Bush Aboon Traquair.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 y vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her.
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender ;
 If more there pass'd I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
 The fields we then frequented ;

Q

If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion nae mair tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Flowers of Edinburgh.

My love was once a bonny lad,
He was the flower of all his kin,
The absence of his bonny face
Has rent my tender heart in twain.
I day nor night find no delight;
In silent tears I still complain;
And exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes,
That ha'e ta'en from me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fills my breast,
Since I have lost my blooming rose;
I sigh and moan while others rest;
His absence yields me no repose.

To seek my love I'll range and rove,
Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain;
Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,
To hear tidings from my darling swain.

There's naething strange in nature's change,
Since parent's shew such cruelty;
They caus'd my love from me to range,
And knows not to what destiny.
The pretty kids and tender lambs
May cease to sport upon the plain;
But I'll mourn and lament in deep discontent
For the absence of my darling swain.

Kind Neptune, let me thee entreat,
To send a fair and pleasant gale;
Ye dolphins sweet, upon me wait,
And convey me on your tail;
Heavens bless my voyage with success,
While crossing of the raging main,
And send me safe o'er to that distant shore,
To meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth at our return
Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay?
The bells shall ring, and sweet birds sing,
To grace and crown our nuptial day,
Thus bless'd wi' charms in my love's arms,
My heart once more I will regain;
Then I'll range no more to a distant shore,
But in love will enjoy my darling swain.

Ab! Chloris. Tune, Gilderey.

AH! Chloris, could I now but sit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms insensibly,
To their perfection prest:
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art;
To make a beauty, she.

Hap me wi' thy Petticoat.

O BELL, thy looks hae kill'd my heart,
I pass the day in pain;
When night returns I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.
I'm starving cold, while thou art warm;
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charm-
ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my arms.
But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those pleasures, which alone can cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that's due to love,
And let true passion die.
Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
That lovely breast of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,

And thou'rt too good its law to flight,
 By hind'ring the design;
 May all the powers of love agree,
 At length to make thee mine;
 Or loose my chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry charm of thine.

Lochaber no More.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I have mony day been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir;
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more,

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise ev'ry wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore,
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd;
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?

But they seem'd blyth and weel content,
Sae merry ma't they be ;
For a constant swain has Pattie prov'd,
and nae less kind was she.

Ye've waited on me, my love,
Ye've waited on me,
Ye've waited lang amang the broom,
Now I am bound to thee.

Sae let them say, or let them do,
'Tis a' ane to me ;
For I have vow'd to love you, lad,
Until the day I die.

My Jo Janet.

SWEET Sir, for your court-fie,
When ye come by the Bais then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glass then.
Keek into the draw-well, Janet, Janet,
And there ye'll see your bonny fell, my jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I should fa' in,
Syn'e a' my kin will say and swear,
I drown'd mysel for sin.
Had the better by the brae, Janet, Janet ;
Had the better by the brae, my jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
Coming thro' Aberdeen then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of shoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear, Janet, Janet;
Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year, my jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
And skipping like a mawkin,
If they should see my clouted shoon,
Of me they will be tauking.
Dance ay laigh and late at een, Janet, Janet;
Syn e a' there faults will no be seen, my jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the cross then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horse then.
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel, Janet, Janet,
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel, my jo Janet.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, Sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff;
Employs aft my hand, Sir.
Mak the best o't that ye can, Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man, my jo Janet.



Woo'd and married und a'.

Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
Was she nae very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'.

The bride came out of the byre,
And O as she dighted her cheeks,
Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
And has neither blankets nor sheets,
Has neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too ;
The bride that has a' to borrow
Has e'en right meikle ado.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's father,
As he came in frae the plough ;
O had your tongue, my doughter,
And ye's get gear enough ;
The stirk that stands i' the tether,
And our bra' bafin'd yade,
Will carry ye hame your corn,
What wad ye be at, ye jad ?
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,
What d--l needs a' this pride ;
I had nae a plack in my pouch,
That night I was a bride ;

R

My gown was linsy-woolsey,
And ne'er a fark ava ;
And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.
Woo'd and married, &c.

What's the matter, quo' Willie,
Tho' we be scant o' claiths,
We'll creep the nearer the gither,
And we'll finore a' the flaes :
Simmer is coming on,
And we'll get teats of woo ;
And we'll get a lafs o' our ain,
And she'll spin claiths enew.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he came in wi' the ky ;
Poor Willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I ;
For you're baith proud and faucy,
And no for a poor man's wife ;
Gin I canna get a better,
Ise ne'er tak ane i' my life.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she came in frae the byre ;
Gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire ;
But we poor fo'k maun live single,
And do the best we can ;

I dinna care what I shou'd want,
If I cou'd get but a man.
Woo'd and married, &c.

Katty's Answer.

My mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' she did the same before me;
I canna get leave to look on my love,
Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak ye'r offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tyne my tocher;
Then, Sandy, ye'll fret, and wyte ye're poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of filler and plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco' sweer to twin wi' his gear;
And fae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion:
Brag weel o' ye'er land, and there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'm at your devotion.

We're gaily yet.

WE'RE gayly yet, and we're gayly yet,
And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet,
Then sit ye a while and tippie a bit,
For we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.

There was a lad, and they ca'd him Dicky,
He gae me a kifs, and I bit his lippy;
Then under my apron he show'd me a trick;
And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.
And we're gayly yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad,
There were three lasses, and they them had,
Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung,
And we's a' get gear enough, we're but young.

Then up wi't Aillie, Aillie,
Up wi't, Aillie, now,
Then up wi't, Aillie, quo' cummer,
We's a' get roaring fou.

And one was kifs'd in the barn,
Another was kifs'd on the green,
The third behind the pease stack,
Till the mow flew up to her een.
Then up wi't, &c.

Now fy, John Thomson, rin,
Gin ever ye ran in your life;

De'il get ye, but hey, my dear Jack,
There's a man got a-bed with your wife.
Then up wi't, &c.

Then away John Thomson ran,
And I trow he ran wi' speed ;
But before he had run his length,
The false loon had done the deed.
We're gayly yet, &c.

The happy Fellow.

With my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the other,
I'll drink to my neighbour and friend ;
My cares in a whiff of tobacco I'll smother,
Since life I know shortly must end :
While Ceres most kindly refills my brown jug,
With good ale I'll make myself mellow ;
In my old wicker chair I'll set myself snug,
Like a jolly and true-hearted fellow.

I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the
nation ;
I've enough of my own for to mind ;
For the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
To death we must all be consign'd :
Then I laugh, drink, and smoke, and leave nothing
to pay,
But drop like a pear that is mellow ;

And when cold in my coffin I'll leave them to lay,
He's gone, what a hearty good fellow !

Loch-Erock Side.

As I came by Loch-Erock side,
The lofty hills surveying,
The water clear, the heather bells
Their fragrant sweets conveying ;
I met unthought my lovely lass,
I found her like May morning,
With blushes sweet and charms fae rare,
Her person all adorning.

Sae kind her looks, how blest was I,
When in my arms I clasp'd her,
And she her wishes scarce conceal'd,
As fondly I caress'd her ;
She said, if that ye'll constant prove,
And evermore will love me,
I heed not Care's nor Fortune's frown,
Nor ought but death shall move me.

But constant, loving, true and kind,
For ever you will find me,
And of our meeting here fae sweet,
Loch-Erock side shall mind me.
Inraptur'd then, my lovely maid,
I cry'd nae mair we'll tarry,
But leave the sweet Loch-Erock side,
For lovers soon should marry.

The disconsolate Sailor.

WHEN my money was gone which I gain'd in the
wars,

And the world 'gan to frown on my fate ;
What matter'd my zeal or my honoured scars,
When indifference stood at each gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was well
lin'd,

Show'd a different aspect to me ;
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hi'd once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the shore ;
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas ! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw ;
Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind,
For when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And Fortune a slippery jade.

And I vow'd if once I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,

That the turbulent winds and the billows could
show
More kindness than they did to me.



The merry Sailor.

How pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main;
No treasure he ever amasses,
But cheerfully spends all his gain:
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true,
And would not commit a base action,
For power and profit in view.

CHORUS.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
Goes thro' the world, my brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life;
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
But plenty too often breeds strife;
When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur nor wealth can avail us.
But skilful industry steers right.
Then why, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
 Who rules at the helm of the state ;
 Than we, who to politics strangers,
 Escape the snares laid for the great :
 The numerous blessings of nature,
 In various nations we try ;
 No mortals on earth can be greater,
 We merrily live till we die.
 Then why, &c.

The Sailor's Consolation.

Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
 Tho' winds blew great guns, still he'd whistle
 and sing ;
 Jack lov'd his friends, and was true to his Molly ;
 And if honour gives greatness, was great as a
 king.
 One night as we drove with two reefs in the
 mainsail,
 And the scud came on low'ring upon a lee-shore,
 Jack went up a loft for to hand the top-ga'nt sail,
 A spray wash'd him off, and we ne'er saw him more.
 We ne'er saw him more !

CHORUS.

But grieving's a folly ;
 Come, let us be jolly,
 If we've troubles at sea, boys,
 We've pleasures ashore.

Whiffing Tom still of mischief or fun in the middle,
 Tho' life in all weathers at random would jog,
 He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the
 fiddle,

And swig with an air his allowance of grog :
 Long-side of a Don, in the Terrible frigate,
 As yard arm and yard arm we lay off the shore,
 In and out whiffing Tom did so caper and jig it,
 That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw
 him more !

But grieving's a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
 He was manly and honest, good-natur'd, and free;
 If ever one tar was more true than another,
 To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he :
 One day with the dave to heave the cadge anchor,
 Ben went in a boat, on a bold craggy shore ;
 He overboard tipt, when a shark and a spanker
 Soon nippt him in two, and we ne'er saw him more.

But grieving's a folly, &c.

But what of it all, lads, shall we be down-hearted?
 Because that, mayhap, we now take our last sup;
 Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
 And death in fast mooring will bring us all up ;
 But 'tis always the way on't, one scarce finds a
 brother

Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
 But by battle, or storm, or some d---'d thing or
 other,

He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him
 more.

But grieving's a folly, &c.

The Tar for all Weathers.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib, how she smack'd thro' the breeze,
She's a vessel quite rigg'd to my fancy,
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
Then adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls and our dear native shore ;
For if some hard rock we shou'd split on,
We ne'er should see them any more.

CHORUS.

But sailors are born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our teathers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk,
For the wind so began for to alter ;
She yaul'd just as tho' she was drunk,
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,
Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries ;
Set the foresail a'thwart sea, she quivers,
As thro' the rough tempest she flies.
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black then as pitch was the sky ;
But then what a dreadful disaster
Beset three poor seamen and I ;

Ben Buntlen, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handfail,
 By a gale that came furious and hard ;
 And as we were furling the mainfail,
 We were every soul swept from the yard.
 But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi,
 When I at the risk of my neck,
 While in peace they sunk down to old Davy,
 Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
 Well, what would you have, we were stranded,
 And out of a fine jolly crew,
 Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed,
 But I, and I think, twenty-two.
 But sailors, &c.

At last then at sea having miscarried,
 Another guess way set the wind ;
 To England I came and got married,
 To a lass that was comely and kind.
 But whether for joy or vexation,
 We know not for what we were born ;
 Perhaps we may find a kind station,
 Perhaps we may touch at Cape Horn.
 But sailors, &c.

Britannia, or, the Death of Wolfe.

In a mouldering cave, a wretched retreat,
 Britannia sat wasted with care :

She wept for her Wolfe, then exclaim'd against
Fate,

And gave herself up to despair.
The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd around
With th' exploits of her fav'rite son ;
Nay, ev'n the dust, as it lay on the ground,
Was engrav'd with some deeds he had done.

The fire of the Gods, from his chrystalline throne,
Beheld the disconsolate dame,
And, mov'd with her tears, sent Mercury down,
And these were the tidings that came :
" Britannia forbear, not a sigh nor a tear,
For thy Wolfe so deservedly lov'd ;
Thy grief shall be chang'd into tumults of joy,
For Wolfe is not dead, but remov'd.

" The sons of the earth, the proud giants of old,
Have fled from their darksome abodes ;
And, such is the news that in heaven is told,
They are marching to war with the Gods.
A council was held in the chamber of Jove,
And this was their final decree ;
That Wolfe should be call'd to the army above,
And the charge was entrusted to me.

" To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew,
Wolfe begg'd for a moment's delay :
He cry'd, " Oh, forbear, let me victory hear,
" And then the commands I'll obey."
With a dark'ning film I encompass'd his eyes,
And bore him away in an urn ;

Left the fondness he bore to his own native shore
Might tempt him again to return."

Mind, Huffy, what ye do.

WHEN I was of a tender age,
And in my youthful prime,
My mother often in a rage,
Cried, girl, take care in time ;
For you're of late so forward grown,
The men will you pursue ;
And all day along it was her tone,
Mind, huffy, what ye do.

CHORUS.

Mind, huffy, what you do, you do,
Mind, huffy, what you do ;
And all day along it was her tone,
Mind, huffy, what you do.

Regardless of her fend advice,
I hasten'd o'er the plain,
Where I was courted in a trice,
By each young sylvan swain :
But, by the by, I do declare,
A lad I had in view,
Altho' it was my mother's cry,
Mind, huffy, what you do.

Mind, huffy, &c.

To Damon, gayest of the green,
I gave my youthful hand,
His blooming face and comely mein,
I could not well withstand ;
O then to church we tripp'd away,
With hearts both light and true ;
And now my mother ceas'd to cry,
Mind, huffy, what you do.
Mind, huffy, &c.

Now, ladies all, I pray attend,
And hence this lesson learn,
If to your mind a man you find,
Look not morose nor stern ;
But take him with a free good will,
If he's got love for you,
Altho' your mother's crying still,
Mind, huffy, what you do.

Mind, huffy, what you do,
Mind, huffy, what you do, you do,
Mind, huffy, what you do ;
Altho' your mother's crying still,
Mind, huffy, what you do.

I'd think on thee, my Love.

In storms when clouds obscure the sky,
And thunders-roll, and lightning's fly,

In midst of all these dire alarms,
I think, my Sally, on thy charms.
 The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
My ardent passion prove,
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Should seas o'erwhelm,
I'd think on thee, my love.

When rocks appear on every side,
And art is vain the ship to guide,
In varied shapes when death appears,
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers.
 The troubled main, &c,

But shou'd the gracious pow'rs be kind,
Dispel the gloom and still the wind,
And wait me to thy arms once more,
Safe to my long-lost native shore ;
 No more the main,
 I'd tempt again,
But tender joys improve ;
 I'd then with thee
 Should happy be,
And think on nought but love.

THE END.

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